


Nine Years Among the Convicts; Or Prison Reminiscences

Eleazer Smith



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NINE YEARS AMONG THE CONVICTS; OR PRISON REMINISCENCES

PREFACE.

DURING my Chaplaincy I endeavored to acquaint myself with the history of each individual under my charge, and to mark the various incidents that might be supposed to have aided in the formation of his character. And this I found it easy to do, as the convicts-were not allowed to converse with any other person, except in the few words necessary to carry on their work, or an occasional conversation with the Warden or Deputy.

There are few persons in whom " secretiveness" is so largely developed as not to wish to divulge to some one. Shut up alone in silence, pondering over their life hour after hour, they long to speak; their secrets become painful and hard to keep, and the pleasant countenance and kind manners of a Chaplain will call them out. Of hundreds I have associated with as pastor, few, very few, seemed to hesitate to speak freely of their past history, and I think most of them truthfully.

Of course I shall not betray the confidence thus reposed in me, by spreading upon the pages of this book the history of these men, to their injury, or to the shame or grief of their relatives. It has been my object in writing these pages, 1st. To write only what I believe true. I could have introduced hundreds of pages of a most marvellous character, strange events, " moving accidents by field or flood," and accounts of things

most wonderful, and these possibly, and I perhaps probably true. But I choose to note only such as in my judgment are sustained by sufficient evidence.

2d. I have written nothing that I think will afflict the living, either "in body, mind, or estate." To have done this (though it might give much interest to the book,) would have been an unpardonable breach of confidence, and I should deserve the reproach of all good men. And to say nothing of other considerations, the love I bear my quondam parishioners would be sufficient to restrain me.

3d. I have spoken sparingly of revolting crimes. Let no one on taking up this book expect to find "The Thieves' Directory," or "The Best Methods of Committing Burglary," or the "Robber's Own Book." I could, no doubt, write a large volume that would "sell well" and be read by multitudes with avidity. From the history of so many hundreds I could furnish most thrilling accounts of thefts, robberies, and all the terrible catalogue of crime, creating a wild excitement in the young mind and gratifying curiosity to the utmost.

But I know that such a book, while it would bring cash to the author, would bring mischief to the reader. Such records of guilt must not be made. The reader might perhaps at first be shocked and in his heart detest crime, but a familiarity, as all will allow, soon injures the moral sense:

"For seen too oft—familiar with its face, We first endure—then pity—then embrace."

"Will you be so kind as to get me the *Pirates' Book*?" said a very wicked young man, who had just been committed. "I love to read it." And he thought it strange when I informed him that I could not allow such a book in the library, or in the hand of a prisoner. "Please get me a book about murders and highway robbers," has been the request of many of our

P E E F A C E. VII young men, evincing a passionate desire for such books; and these requests came from those who, though young in years, were old in crime.

And did book-makers and book-venders but realize the demoralizing influence of such works, they would, as friends of virtue, throw no more of them out into community to corrupt the hearts and morals of the young.

4th. I have sought to publish only that which shall subserve the cause of sound morals and true religion. I have endeavored to make every page illustrate the great Scripture doctrine that "Wisdom's ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace;" that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and that though justice may not soon overtake or speedily punish, yet that habits are forming by the lawless which will be ruinous, unfitting the soul trained to wickedness for its high destination to "glorify God and enjoy him forever."

I indulge the hope that the suggestions respecting the proper treatment of the guilty, whether under arrest, on trial, as inmates of the penitentiary, or discharged and at liberty, may be of use; and that a spirit of vigilant kindness may be promoted in our communities, which the poor desponding sinner

"Seeing, may take heart again."

Much has been said, and something has been done to improve prison discipline; and though there is much of ignorance yet pervading the public mind on this subject, and though the happy medium between the opposite extremes of remissness and severity

is not yet clearly understood, yet we have reason to rejoice in the great advancement already made.

And if this unpretending volume should in any case promote a love for the spiritual welfare of the convicts— if it should direct attention and enkindle prayer for our fellow sinners, and in any degree enlist the aid of religious people in the salvation of these outcasts, then will I be thankful. I shall have done something to promote a work that shall remain when " the earth and all the works therein shall be burned up."

" The sun is but a spark of fire, A transient meteor in the sky; The soul, immortal as its sire, Shall never die."

PRISON REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER I.

PRISON HISTORY.

THE New Hampshire State Prison was first opened for the reception of convicts, in 1812. Its first occupant was one Drew, who, for several months, was the sole tenant of that large but gloomy hall. The first man. But what a sad train have followed, and will follow.

The Institution has, in its general management, been perhaps as successful as any one of the class in our country. Cases of mismanagement have, no doubt, occurred; but, on the whole, the State has been fortunate in the selection of its chief officer—the Warden. This has been the case, without exception, for the last twelve years; beyond which time I have no sufficient grounds for forming an enlightened judgment. This success has not, however, resulted from the natural working of the New Hampshire method of doing the thing. It is surprising that the people of this State, famed for intelligence and shrewdness—and especially in that which lies so near their hearts as money—do not disconnect their prison management from political partizanship. There is an annual election of "Warden, and, consequently, of all the officers connected with the prison. The Warden may have been an officer of great merit, with the experience of years. The affairs of the prison may have been managed with the most entire success. But that success will make capital for his party. There is an incentive to originate and circulate scandalous reports, for political effect. Disappointed or aspiring men, or political enemies, are interested in this; and besides other and greater evils, committees are sometimes needlessly appointed, and the time of the Legislature needlessly taken up, in examining into alleged abuses,— and all to no profit, but at great expense.

On the other hand, is the management bad, the party by whom the appointment was made have great inducement to conceal it. It will injure any party if known. He is our man, and must be sustained, though possessed of not a single qualification requisite for the office. Why do not the men of our State who hire laborers, select only those of their own political faith. A Whig employer should hire a Whig employee; a Democratic employer a Democrat, and a Free Soiler look well to it that the man who cultivates his potatoes, is sound on the Nebraska question.

And though the men thus engaged are both idle and vicious, it is enough that he is of our party, and must be kept in office, in preference to an honest and industrious servant of another political faith. In such a case, a man would speedily earn the reputation of a fool; I speak as to wise men, charging no party, exonerating no party, nor having allusion so much to what has happened, as to what may, and will be likely

to, from the legitimate operation of our present system. There is considerable human nature, as the renowned Sam Slick would phrase it, in all parties; and its developments are marvellously alike in Democrat, Whig, Free Soil, and all other parties.

Could an individual of very humble attainments and pretensions advise the "wisdom of the General Court convened," he would say, Find that rare man who possesses the ability to balance and adjust all the separate and conflicting interests connected with the prison—who with a vigilant eye and an impartial hand, will manage well for the State, the contractor, and the prisoner—the man of gentlemanly deportment and condescending manners, combining the qualities of firmness and kindness, and cooperating in all the suitable efforts to reform and instruct the convicts. Let such an one be found, elected and sustained. Let him know that he is under no obligation to any party, that his success depends on a faithful attention to his business, and not on the amount of service rendered his political friends; and all improper influences will be removed, leaving the office free from all other influence or inducement than such as should actuate an honest, pure-minded public servant. Let this be done, and the prosperity of the prison will be made sure.

My connection with the prison commenced during the administration of Samuel G. Berry, Esq., and continued through that of James Moore, Rufus Dow, and Gideon Webster, Esqs. It would be highly improper for me to go into a detailed statement of the affairs of the prison during their several administrations; but it gives me pleasure to express my opinion, that all of them were faithful public servants; and taking into account business embarrassments of some portions of the time, all succeeded well. A desire to benefit the convict, manifested itself in a cooperation with the Chaplain in his efforts; and the discharged convict, to this day finds the friendship and aid of these men worth seeking. My personal acquaintance with these officers was of a pleasant character, and is often a source of pleasure in the retrospect.

Of the efforts to improve the intellectual and moral condition of the convicts up to 1830, I can give but little information. The labors bestowed were probably of small amount, and entirely gratuitous. In 1830, Rev. Samuel Kelly was stationed by the Methodist Conference, in Concord, and engaged to devote a part of each Sabbath to preaching and instructing the convicts. This he continued to do with great faithfulness and ability for two years. The preacher at the Methodist Chapel for the time being, officiated in like manner, and very acceptably, up to 1840, when Rev. Edmund Worth, an able and pious minister of the Baptist denomination, was appointed Chaplain, and continued till 1843, when Rev. John Atwood, of the same denomination, succeeded. He was also State Treasurer; and for three years, with honesty and fidelity kept and disbursed the public treasure, and gave to the poor prisoner "his portion of meat in due season." The writer was appointed to succeed him in part, that is to say, the ministerial part. The other part he knew he could not get, and therefore was most wonderfully content with a single office. To that he was re-appointed annually for eight additional years, by Governors Williams, Densmore, Martin, and Baker.

The salary for the first year was one hundred and fifty dollars; after that, two hundred dollars up to 1855, when it was raised to three hundred. How it came to pass that two hundred dollars was fixed on as his salary, is not known to the writer; but it is fair to presume that our executive officers were conversant with the old British Poets,

and there ascertained that the reverend "pastor of the church and congregation" of "Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," was "passing rich, with forty pounds a year;" and, further, that his salary enabled him to abound in charity, so that "his house was known to all the vagrant train," and the "broken soldier, and the ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud," were welcomed and relieved.

Hence they very considerably fixed on that sum, or as nearly so as could well be expressed in American currency. Of this the Chaplain was not disposed to complain, as but a small part of the week except the Sabbath could well be devoted to the improvement of the convicts.

During the first two years, two religious services were held on each Sabbath; and as the citizens, male and female, were allowed to attend, the chapel was well filled. In 1848, a Sabbath School was organized, and held in place of one of the religious services, and the attendance of the citizens prohibited, unless as invited friends of some officer of the prison. The attendance of the convicts on the Sabbath School, unlike that of the regular religious service, is voluntary. About two-thirds of the whole number have generally chosen to attend. Besides some seven or eight classes engaged in the ordinary studies of the Sabbath School, there is the "infant class," composed of men from fifteen to fifty years of age, learning to read and spell.

These classes are all instructed by the students in the Methodist Biblical Institute, in this city. These excellent young men, actuated by the noblest motives, have rendered great service to the cause of humanity and religion, by their self-denying, faithful, and long-continued labors, and richly deserve, at least, a Legislative acknowledgment. Very considerable improvement has been made in religious knowledge by most of our convicts; and the accurate and critical knowledge of the Bible attained to by many of them, would shame the ignorance of many a whiskered dandy or conceited collegian. On establishing a Sabbath School, I thought it necessary to give the convicts some knowledge of Sacred Geography, in order to a better understanding of their lessons. I therefore provided myself with a set of maps executed by my daughter, and assembling the men, hung them up. Stick in hand, a la lecturer, I commenced my very interesting labor. An oppressive consciousness of my want of the requisite natural qualities, and entire lack of experience, made me very modest. I had, however, somewhere read of a lecturer who, provided with "superb representations," once lectured on Sacred History. The subject introduced was, "Daniel in the Den of Lions." This our lecturer announced in the most interesting manner, and then, in proceeding, said: "You will find no difficulty in determining which is Daniel, only recollect that is him with the blue cotton umbrella under his arm. All the rest are lions." How much I profited by this example, I ought not to judge.

In order to impress the minds of my audience with the general form of Palestine, and the comparative localities of its most prominent places, I compared Palestine with New Hampshire. I said, in substance, there is a remarkable similarity in the size and form. There is Nazareth, the scene of our Lord's early life, occupying about that place on the map of Palestine that Sandwich does on that of New Hampshire. Jerusalem, in Palestine, answers to Concord, and Hebron to Nashua. And here, I added, is Gaza, answering to our Keene. Now when you read of Sampson's visit to that place, you will locate it on that part of Palestine answering to Keene. Sampson,

you know, once thought of putting up there over night; but some of the Gaza boys made a demonstration that convinced him he had better leave, which he did during the darkness, taking with him the gate of the city. Whether he ever returned it, I do not know. Here many questions were asked. One inquiring how large the gate probably was; another, whether I supposed it as large as the great gate leading out of the prison yard; another, rather drily inquiring if I supposed any man now living could carry off that, intimating that " the thanks of the meeting " would be due to one who would accomplish the feat. Upon the whole, I had, as we sometimes say, " a good time," but I soon found that I had signally failed to make myself understood, in at least two cases, as I will now proceed to confess.

The next day after, one of the convicts, who was known among us by the nickname of " Sprightly," (so named because of his possessing largely the opposite qualities,) came to the Deputy, and inquired, "Do you know that ere feller what the Chaplain told on yesterday." What fellow, 2 pray? " " Why he said as how a man, I blieve a Methodist preacher over here to Keene, got up in the night, and stole a gate, and carried it off in the night; and when he heard from him last, he had not carried it back." The Deputy was sadly puzzled to understand the matter, until an Irishman, stepping up, explained—"Plase ye, Mr. Dip-uty, the felly is a fool— axing your pardon. It was Sampson the Chaplain was spaking of, entirely." " O! ah! y-e-s," drawlingly responded Sprightly; " that was his name,"

Soon after, I was urging the importance of religion on a man who had been brought up in deplorable ignorance, a foreigner by birth. I spoke to him of Jesus, and the necessity of knowing and loving him. He listened to my remarks with becoming seriousness, and when I paused, with evident honesty observed, "I think you told us last Sabbath, that he was born up in Sandwich, in this State.

Another illustration of the truth of the remark made by the great poet of Scotland, respecting the failure of " the best designs of mice and men."

CHAPTER II.

STATE PRISON STATISTICS.

THE following statistics, taken in part from the Warden's Report, for 1855, will be interesting as giving the ages at which the prisoners then in prison were sentenced, their employment, andc. together with a general table, containing the statistics of the prison from its first opening in 1812, to 1855. At that last date there were in confinement in all, 97; their birth-places as follows:

United States,— 78 Ireland,— 12

British Provinces, 2

England,— 2

Scotland,— 1 Italy,— 1

Germany,— 1

Crimes for which convicted.

Theft, in various forms,— 33

Burglary,— 27

Counterfeiting and passing, andc.— 4

Forgery,— 2

Burning houses and other buildings, 10

Obtaining goods under false pretences, 3

Rape and attempt, 5

Manslaughter and attempt,- 5

Murder, 3

Statement of Convicts.

Male convicts now in prison,- 91 Female convicts now in prison,- 6

Convicts are employed as follows: In cabinet shop,- 34

Shoe shop,- 30

Machine shop,- 17

Shop waiters,- 3

Cook,- 1

Engineer,- 1

Tailor, 1

Washing and mending,— 2 Sweeping, whitewashing and gardening, 2 Females,—

6

Whole number, June 1, 1854,- 105 Received since,- 26

Discharged since.

By pardon,- 17

By expiration of sentence,- 10

By death by disease,- 4

By death by suicide,- 2

By removal to Insane Asylum,- 1

Remaining in prison, June 1, 1855,- 97

Ages of prisoners when convicted. Of those in prison June 1, 1853—

From 12 years to 16 years,- 7 16 20- 21 20 25 "- 28 25 30- 17 30 40- 23 40 " 50

"— 9

" 50 60 4

Total,— 109

Committed from June 1, 1853, to June 1, 1854,

Total,— 28 Those in prison June 1, 1854—

From 12 years to 16 years,- 6 16 20- 16 20 " 25 "- 22

" 25 30- 17

" 30 " 40 "- 24

" 40 50- 15 50 " 60- 5

Total,- 105 Of those in prison June 1, 1855—

From 12 years to 16 years- 3 16 " 20 "- 15

" 20 25- 17 25 30- 16 30 40- 29

" 40 50- 14

" 50 " 60 3

Total,— "97

" "

Number of Convicts in Prison, committed, discharged, pardoned, deceased and escaped, in each year since the establishment of the Institution, in 1812.

Year. In Prison. Com'ted. Disch'd. Pardon'd. Remov'd to In- Died. Escaped. sane Asylum.

944 455 816 2 63 15 1 r

The number of Convicts received from each County during the year ending June 1, 1855.

From Rockingham 2

" Strafford,- 4

" Belknap,- 0

Carroll,- 0

" Merrimack- 2

" Hillsborough,- 14

" Cheshire,- 0

Sullivan,- 1

Grafton,- 2

" Coos,- 1

Total,- 26

During the first thirty years of the history of our prison, up to 1852, I find that eight hundred and three individuals have been committed. Of that number, there had died in prison forty, averaging just one per year, with an average number of convicts of about eighty—a much less proportion than in our community in general.

Of this number, four hundred and eighty-seven were convicted of thefts or attempts to steal, in which number I reckon breaking, when done with a thievish intent. Of these, thirty-four have been returned to our prison for the second time, two for the third time, and one for the fourth time. Of the remaining one hundred and sixty-five, imprisoned for what are deemed higher offences, but two have been returned, and neither of them for a repetition of the crime for which they were first imprisoned, but for crime of another class.

Of those committed for theft, one in about thirteen were recommitted. Of all other offences, one in eighty-three. It will be seen that nearly three-fourths of all were committed for theft in some form; and that it is not only the most common form of crime, but that there is for these offenders the least hope of reform. The following table will make this plain: I have no doubt these facts will surprise many, as I must confess they did myself. And they should be known to those honorable bodies with whom is lodged the pardoning power. I do not think them generally known or well considered, by such, it being only an incidental and (by most considered) unimportant item of their official business. Hence I have found that when petitions for the pardon of criminals have been presented, and the inquiry is made, What is his offence? the case of one guilty only of theft is, by nearly all, looked upon with most favor. A man who, for the crime of manslaughter, having suffered perhaps ten years, his friends can no longer restrain their pity, and send in petitions for his pardon. It is easy to see, when the man's crime is announced, that his case will be likely to go hard. The first feelings naturally rise against the liberation of such a man. Why, even now his hands seem to be dripping with blood; and the dictate of prudence seems to be— by no means let him out to murder others. And yet, forty men guilty of manslaughter or attempt to kill have gone out from our prison, not one of whom has ever been known to repeat his offence, or to be guilty of any other, such as would imprison him in our State Penitentiary.

Another has suffered many long years for the crime of rape. His friends ask for mercy, but the common feeling is— he is a dangerous man; it will not do. Without a wish to extenuate the guilt of him who commits this great offence, I would still take into the account this fact, that of the thirteen who have gone out, not one has been charged with a second offence of the kind. And when the liberation of one guilty of forgery or counterfeiting is prayed for, the objection at once arises: Why, he will be into his old business again; the offence is a very grave one, and he will be back with his old confederates, bent on mischief, and making sad work again. But we have seen that, of the seventy-five guilty of these crimes who have gone out, not one has been recommitted for a repetition of his offence, and but one of this number has ever been returned for any other. Were I a member of an Executive Board, I should be compelled, with these facts before me, to act with great caution in pardoning out one who had deliberately, and in a sober mind, been guilty of stealing. This is a matter that concerns parents, and all others having charge of the young. It is an alarming fact that a habit of stealing is almost incurable; great pains should be taken to impress this on the young mind, and to make it feel that all practices not perfectly agreeing with the strictest honesty should be avoided. There seems to be in the history of the persistent thief a point beyond which he loses all self-control. Stealing is a perfect mania. He plunders community, not because he is avaricious, perhaps; but he is almost irresistibly impelled to the act by an influence he himself cannot understand or explain. Some of this class steal indiscriminately any thing and every thing they can lay their hands on. An inventory of the possessions of some of these men, when justice at last overtakes them, would do something at least toward furnishing a farm, a workshop, a boarding house, and a cabinet of curiosities. Others seem inclined to take some particular article, or to confine themselves to one particular branch of business, following the plan of a "division of labor." "Dealing in horses and carriages" is a very popular employment in these times. As these articles of property command "a good price, and ready sale," and as these are considerations peculiarly interesting to such men, there has been a manifest tendency toward this branch of industry, until the business seems rather overdone—at all events many poor fellows have been undone by it. There is a class of thieves who, from their earliest developments have manifested an incurable propensity for this vice. An instance we now have, in our prison, in the person of one "Chandler" I am credibly informed that as soon as he was able to creep about the house, he manifested this propensity in a remarkable manner. For instance, give him an apple or any desirable thing, and he seemed quite indifferent whether he took it or not. But let the same article be laid where he could get at it, and, as soon as he supposed no one saw him, he would seize it eagerly and with the utmost sagacity secrete it. On such an occasion his gratification seemed excessive. In a short time he would become indifferent to his treasure, and perhaps throw it away, and yet take the earliest opportunity to pilfer some article of the same kind and manifest a like gratification. As he grew up, this propensity continued. No correction or instruction seemed to have the least effect on him. In every other respect he was a well-disposed lad, peaceable, kind hearted, liberal, of a very amiable disposition. Every one seemed disposed to bear with him. But, at the age of twelve years, the patience of the neighbors was exhausted, and he was arrested, tried, committed and

sentenced to seven year's imprisonment. These were served out, and within a few months he was arrested and brought back to his old quarters on another sentence of the same length. The other seven years passed 2 away not so soon or so pleasantly as did the second seven years of the patriarch when earning his Rachel. They however did pass. Chandler enjoyed the sweets of liberty a few months, and came home again to his old residence—crime, stealing an old bedstead of perhaps the value of ten cents. It being his third sentence it was made for life. After another (and the third) seven years were passed, he having become much enfeebled from his prison life, in which he had passed twenty one consecutive anniversaries of his birthday, some benevolent persons interested themselves in his condition, and succeeded in procuring his pardon. And now every one seemed anxious that poor Daniel should taste the sweets of liberty for the remaining days of his life. He was treated kindly, supplied with work, married a wife, built him a house, (very modest, but still, a house,) and for a year or more seemed to have subdued his old propensity. But at length some small articles of property were missing, and Chandler was suspected and threatened. In the course of three years his petty larcenies became so frequent, that the community began to think of casting him once more on the State. At length in attempting to steal a padlock (an article in which he always seemed much interested) from a railroad switch frame, he ran a whole train off the track, to the loss of some hundreds of dollars, and the extreme jeopardy of many lives. This settled the business, and Daniel was duly installed in his old position for the fourth term. This is unquestionably to be a "finality" with the unhappy man. On examining his stock on hand there were found articles almost numberless and almost valueless. It was a singular trait in this man's character that he never aspired to "high things." He left gold watches, jewelry, or ready cash to the care of the aristocratic thief who might covet such useless things. It was sufficient to content the unaspiring, unobtrusive Daniel that he could be the humble gleaner of such things as old buckles, padlocks, hammers, pegging awls, gimlets, fcc.; these were his treasures. Now I humbly submit whether this man is not a fit subject for the Insane Asylum rather than the State Prison. And his is not the only case of the kind among us. There is a class who, like him, are not of sane mind. They are the victims, not of crime but 'misfortune. The propensity is inherent and incurable. To be sure, great caution should be observed in coming to this conclusion in any given case, for in most instances no doubt it is like other bad habits; and if the man has now lost his self control, he should be held guilty and punished accordingly. But in "cases like that of Chandler, I submit whether such should not be held and treated as monomaniacs.

CANDIDATES" FOR THE PENITENTIARY. 33 CHAPTER III.

CANDIDATES FOR THE PENITENTIARY.

From what classes are convicts for the State Prison service drawn? This is a question that I propose to answer s we preachers say, 1. Negatively.

Not from religious families, truly such. I have taken great pains to inquire into the history of the New Hampshire State Prison, and I can find few, very few cases of exception to this. For the past nine years in which I have had a personal acquaintance with several hundreds of convicts, I have not found a son of a clergyman, deacon, class leader, steward, or church warden, among them, except one who was early adopted into a wealthy but wicked family. And I cannot learn of but one other who had been

in prison previous to that time, and he was discharged soon after his committal, on the ground of insanity. There are a few who had a pious parent, perhaps a mother: but whose family connections were of an unfavorable character, and who were thrown into community at a time when counsel and restraint were most needed. I can recollect of but one who, up to the age of eighteen, was brought up by pious parents, and of his guilt in the matter charged there is much doubt. These facts show the salutary effects of religious education, and overthrow the oft repeated statement that ministers' and deacons' sons are more vicious than others. Carefully collated statistics have shown long since the falsity of that opinion to the satisfaction of well informed persons; and as a friend of religion I am happy to add the above facts.

There are, however, frequent cases of persons committed who had once been church members, though most of them had given up their Christian profession or been expelled before the commission of the crime which brought them to prison. These persons were not blessed with a good religious education, and hence however sincerely they may have professed religion, in the time of trial or of temptation, they erred "from the good and the right way," and made shipwreck of faith. And all the pains-taking of ministers and laymen will succeed but seldom in supplying the gross lack of an early education. These professors of religion in almost every instance, fell through intemperance. Of what religious persuasion or denomination were these men? I answer, frankly: Of all the several denominations among us; all are here represented.

I have carefully inquired and compared, and I think each has about its fair representation as to number.

I know this statement will not flatter the bigot who sees nothing but perfection in his own church, and all imperfection elsewhere; but it may do him good, and hereafter he may not so confidently exclaim, "The Temple of the Lord are we," or imagine that other denominations are responsible for all the immoralities of the land. In the above calculation I have spoken of Protestant denominations only. The Catholics are much more largely represented. About one-eighth of the convicts are Catholics, which is probably four-fold their proportion. It is but justice, however, that I should say that the Catholic convicts were not as a general thing devout, church going Catholics, but generally men who had not much instruction or much veneration for the religion in which they were brought up. A small number bring with them a prayer book or some small religious volume, such as "Patrick's Book for Beginners," and seem to manifest some attachment to their religion.

I have often been written to and inquired of, whether any considerable proportion of the convicts had been Sabbath School scholars, and have taken much pains to ascertain. The result is, I have not found one who had from early youth to years of maturity, been an attendant on any Sabbath School. More than one-half never saw such a school; a considerable number were once attendants for a short time, some one season, others only a few Sabbaths, but in not a single instance that has come to my knowledge, has one been connected with any Sabbath School, for a time sufficient to make any considerable improvement. Nor do I recollect of a convict trained to a strict observance of the Sabbath, but in a single instance. There are many families not professedly pious, who yet regard that sacred institution, and these families are not found represented in our State Prison.

The learned professions furnish few convicts. There is a tradition that many years since, a man who had been a Baptist preacher, but who "in consequence of intemperance had given up his credentials and his religious profession, was afterwards convicted of crime, and for several years an inmate of our prison; and also that another man who was a " Christian Baptist," so termed, and a licentiate, was formerly among the convicts. It is not known whether he was imprisoned for an offence committed during his days of religious profession, or whether, like the other person named, he first abandoned his profession. At all events, he was not an ordained minister. It is, therefore, certain that no minister of any denomination has yet been within these walls as a prisoner.

Of physicians, I know of but one, though some half-dozen have, within the last eight years, had a very narrow escape, and that by the payment of heavy bonds. These cases do not, however, seriously affect the reputation of that most worthy class of our citizens, who (whatever may be said of them by the grumbler or the joker) are certainly most cordially greeted at our bedsides in extreme cases, and who it is equally true, are generally the friends of sound morals and piety.

I cannot learn that any instance has yet occurred of a regular practising lawyer being caught and held to trial and found guilty, and transferred from the county jail to the prison. As great liberties are sometimes taken (in the way of joking) with the legal profession, would it be strange if some one should insinuate that this very worthy class of men made use of their knowledge of law to escape its penalties, and that the use of weapons had not only made them skillful in the offensive but also in the defensive. Two or three of this profession have recently, in this State, escaped imprisonment by the forfeiture of their bonds. They were, however, lawyers "to fortune and to fame unknown."

38 PRISON REMINISCENCES.

I have the happiness to number among my friends many printers; but though it may seem to imply either a lack of ability on the part of the minister, or the want of the qualities that are necessary in order to appreciate good preaching on the other part, yet I will reveal the fact that I have never succeeded well with that class. For the nine long years, and with all the inducements offered, not one of that trade has connected himself with my congregation. And I do not think a man could be found of all who ever tenanted our prison, who could set up a column of type. I leave the reader to make his own comments, only remarking that this cannot be accidental, nor can the explanation be, that the employment keeps one ignorant of prevailing vices and immoralities; nor yet that young printers are removed from the large masses where corruptions engender and spread. In all these respects this class is much exposed. It is evident, we think, that the employment has an elevating tendency, and is favorable to intellectual and moral improvement.

It is very seldom that a man having a trade in any one of the mechanical pursuits finds his way to prison. Not one in ten, I think, of all the imprisoned, had any particular calling or employment, and those few of such pursuits as required a large number to be employed together, and in our large villages or cities where temptations to sin abound. The owner of the soil is rarely found in a felon's cell. I know of scarce one who owned and cultivated land. No; the ownership of land gives one an elevation of mind, a sort

of conscious superiority over him who can claim no spot of all God's green earth as his. I would give a man who finds himself inclined to immoral practices, such as lead to disgrace and prison, this recipe: buy land, though it be but an acre, pay for it, and cultivate it. If convicts, then, are not taken from these classes, whence are they?

From vicious families, idle and unprincipled parents, who neither fear God nor regard the moral condition of their families; themselves vicious, and by precept and example corrupting their children. No wonder such children throng our prisons. And what being on God's earth is so guilty, so detestable, as a parent training up his household for destruction, and leading the way before them. The case of such children calls aloud for our pity, and patient and persevering aid.

There are other families where the example and persuasion of a good mother succeeds in saving the most of the children, though it generally happens that the vicious father will have at least one son to tread in his footsteps, and to curse the world when his bones and his memory have perished. A large proportion of convicts come from that class known as shameless and unblushing Sabbath breakers. It is well known that a great proportion of crime is planned and perpetrated on the Sabbath. The idle and vicious meet, and from associating become doubly corrupt. Then are laid plans of mischief and of crime, the execution of which brings many a young man to prison. I could give narratives here that would startle the inhabitants of some of our large villages and cities, but that their publication would, in my judgment, be prejudicial to the interests of morality.

Every one will be prepared to hear that intemperance is the highway to prison. Perhaps, however, a less proportion of our convicts are from the class of drunkards than in almost any penitentiary in the United States. I judge that about one-fourth were outright drunkards, and another fourth occasionally drunk. Of the rest, very few were "total abstinent" not more than one in ten. Nearly all would drink occasionally. We are to place to the account of intemperance, therefore, most of the crimes committed in New Hampshire, that are punishable with State Prison confinement; either directly or indirectly, at least three-quarters of our convicts are the victims of rum.

"Had drunkenness anything to do with your coming to prison?" asked a temperance man, addressing a prisoner. "No; that is—O—ah—yes. The sheriff was drunk when he brought me here." This to be sure, was rather indirect influence, but I apprehend not a solitary case of the kind. A very large proportion of the convicts were left orphans at an early age. "Have you a mother?" is a question I generally put to a young man on my first introduction to him. The answer, in perhaps half of the cases, is "My mother died when I was small;" or, "I was sent from home when very young." Very seldom do we find one who, up to the age of twenty-one, has had the benefit of wholesome maternal influence. Poor fellows! A mother's hand never smoothed down those young locks; a mother's tear never fell on them; a mother's gentle voice never calmed the passions of thy young heart, nor spoke to thee of Jesus and eternal life. A mother never knelt beside thee and with prayer such as only a mother can offer, consecrated thee to God. A mother never taught thee to say, "Our Father which art in Heaven," nor that

"Religion should our thoughts engage

Amid our youthful bloom;

Twill fit us for declining age

And for the awful tomb."

Left to the care of some heartless relative, or, perhaps, thrown upon the public for maintenance, the result should surprise no one.

Within a few years past, a large number of our young men have left their mountain homes in Vermont and northern New Hampshire, to seek more lucrative employment in our villages and cities. These are thrown into circumstances of great peril. They are no longer under the eye of a vigilant parent, or influenced by the presence of their early virtuous associates. The home circle no longer operates to secure their morality. But a thousand temptations at once present themselves, of the existence of which they were hardly aware, and coming in a form so alluring as to almost defy resistance. With money at their command, and with hours and days of leisure, they gradually yield to these temptations. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and from this class a large number has been convicted of crime and incarcerated. O, how many a father and mother from northern New England, have I seen weeping over a son whose morals, a few months before, were sound; who was the pride of his parents, the boast of the little school district, and the loved of all his acquaintance! "Why bless me," exclaimed the astonished neighbors when the dreadful truth came out, "I should as soon have thought it of any young man in our town." I will not attempt to describe the anguish of those parents. The father looks upon his son, his character gone, and all his prospects for life blighted. He puts on no airs of fashionable mourning; "the iron has entered his soul;" his is "the silent manliness of grief." He was not called a proud man, but he was proud; proud of his favorite son, and proud of the family character, a character on which no stain had rested heretofore. "With louder plaints the mother told her woes." Ah, those convulsive sobs and cries, they indicate no common sorrow. They come up from the deep fountains of the heart—a mother's heart.

Imagine, if you can, the feelings and appearance of the poor young man. Guilty, speechless; O, how his heart aches as he looks upon his parents, and as all their care and love for him are remembered! Now the thought, I am bringing their "grey hairs with sorrow to the grave," is overwhelming. But why do I attempt to describe a scene like this! Language is inadequate. I pray God that the families, into which this book may enter, may never experience grief and shame, such as have overwhelmed the family of many an honest farmer or mechanic, in our rural districts.

It has already been remarked that a large proportion of Catholics, and mostly of Irish extraction, are convicted of crime. These are, in almost every instance, the victims of intemperance. All know the social habits of Irishmen, and how at their numerous holydays, wakes, burials, weddings, andc., the custom of drinking is almost universal. Hence it is easy to account for the frequency of crimes among them, without the necessity of reckoning them as naturally thievish or quarrelsome. Indeed we seldom find an Irishman convicted of theft, or any other offence, committed when alone and sober. It generally happens on this wise: at the close of a holyday, a party meet at the hospitable mansion of one of the party. For awhile all goes on well and peaceably. Stories of the "ould counthry" are told; songs of "sweet Erin" are sung, and many a merry joke is uttered; the time passes rapidly and so does the bottle. Now, "Mike," having imbibed freely, begins to feel the moving of the spirit of "Donnybrookfair" He talks loud and fast, and is evidently aiming to get up a "

free fight." For a time good counsels prevail, but the whiskey circulates, and so does the war spirit that originated with Mike. That distinguished individual soon finds an antagonist worthy of his weapons. The first blow is struck, the first blood is shed, and the war has commenced in earnest. Both parties are reinforced, for enlistments are rapid, the sinews of war being supplied by "Patrick," Commissary General of both armies; who, like a wise officer, has made good provision for a long campaign, filling his large keg with liquor and his pockets with cash. "Long time in even scale the battle hung," nor is it known to this day which of the contending parties won the field. Both gave and received many dreadful wounds. The beautiful face of many a brave Celt was sadly disfigured, and the holyday dress of many a luckless one hung like the tattered sail of a vessel in a hurricane. The field of conflict was strewn with the wreck of furniture, clothing, broken earthen, and wounded and drunken men and women.

At length the neighborhood, out of all patience, called to their aid the slow but strong arm of the law. The police come upon them, and, though both parties would be glad to unite against these disturbers of their enjoyments, yet their exhausted strength is not equal to a successful contest, and one after another reluctantly surrenders. Then comes the summing up of the matter. The exasperated citizens are resolved to break up the haunt, and each combatant is anxious to clear himself of blame and lay it on another. After a most exciting trial and much very doubtful swearing, the record of the court reads thus: "Mike OLeary and Jerry ONeale, for assault with intent to kill, twenty years each in the State Prison;" Patrick Flinnegan, assault, five years; young Thomas Doherty, a very improper attempt of a very indecent character, old Mrs. Murphy being the insulted one, ten years in State Prison and nineteen days solitary; and divers others, imprisonment in the county jail for a specified number of months.

"O these furriners, what can be the occasion of such quarrels! "Why cannot they love one another as we Yankees do?" exclaims old Miss A., whose tongue walks through the village, sparing neither age, sex, nor condition. "A cuss to our country," mutters old Shylock who has drained the pockets and impoverished an hundred families.

The question is asked each prisoner on his arrival, "Have you a trade?" "No, sir," is the almost invariable answer. "What have you been accustomed to do?" "Well, work out by the day at almost any kind of work;" "have worked some on a farm, generally tended stable or worked in a tavern, done a little of most everything." Now it is easy to perceive that such a way of living, exposes a young man to all kinds of temptations; whereas the young man with a good trade, or the farmer, possessed of his small farm, will seldom stray far from the path of integrity and uprightness.

These suggestions may be of use to parents and guardians, to whose good sense I appeal in behalf of the young committed to their care. O, make the question of their morals the paramount question in determining their calling for life! Do not hazard their reputation and jeopardize their best interests by allowing them to go into employments where temptations to evil beset them at every step. Seek out a calling, such as seems to be indicated by the taste or genius of the lad; but let both his occupation and home be selected with reference to his moral and spiritual interests, and in the end you will rejoice in the selection.

CHAPTER IV.

PICTURE OF PRISON LIFE.

MANY of the readers of this book have never seen a State Prison; to such, this chapter will be interesting. It is, however, impossible to give any description on paper that will convey fully to the mind a just conception of the subject here introduced. To realize this, it is necessary to take into the account a great many things that cannot well be brought forward in one short chapter.

At an early hour the prison bell rings briskly, awakening the poor fellows from their slumbers, in which, perhaps, they had imagined themselves with friends, dear friends, at home. It was a happy fancy that had stolen the captive from his cell and placed him beside hearts that loved and welcomed him; but, alas! the bright vision has died. The first stroke of that hated bell, knelled its departure. And now the business of the toilet is, completed, perhaps not always in taste to suit the fastidious, but no matter. A few moments are left before marching; some spend them gloomily standing or sitting on the side of their couch, thinking bitterly of the past, and inwardly forming new plans of mischief or of crime. Some are sorrowfully contrasting the days of innocence and happiness with these days of guilt and misery. Here and there one lies upon the cold stone floor and with uplifted heart, weeps over his sins, "the remembrance of which is grievous to him." On the placid countenance of another may be seen the indications of a heart at peace with God and man. Listen to his prayer as his lips move in whispers, "O Lord, I will praise Thee, for, though Thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me." He rises slowly from his knees, and from that small, rough shelf takes down the blessed volume and opens it. Now listen again: "There is therefore, now no condemnation to those that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." "For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." A moment is yet left; he opens his hymn book and reads,

"While blest with a sense of his love,

A palace a toy would appear. And prisons would palaces prove
If Jesus would dwell with me there."

The bell strikes; each man steps from his cell to the platform in front of the cell, and, at the given signal, moves away—tramp, tramp, tramp, the so called lock step, and, in divisions of some twenty, they make their way to their workshops. There for the day no eye is raised to meet the eye of another convict, or officer, or visitor. No word is uttered but to convey the few needful directions of the overseers of the work. Again the bell; it is noon. In an instant all leave work and fall into line, marching in as they marched out. In passing the cook room, each man takes his food from a shelf, without leaving the rank, and the division passes on to the platform when each steps into his cell, closing the door which is self locked.

The coarse, but nutritive meal is soon finished; a short time remains for rest, and off again to the shops to resume the work of the morning—slowly pass the hours, but night comes.

How different the circumstances of the closing day from those of former days. Then labor wearied and exhausted the body, but

"With joy the man, his daily labor done, Saw the broad shadows and the setting sun."

For there was a home—humble and unadorned, to be sure— but a home. And there were hearts that loved him, and voices that greeted him, and faces that smiled upon him. But now— poor man— march on to thy nightly rest; but thy mother shall not take thy hand and bless her weary boy. March on, man, but

" For thee, alas! no blazing fire doth bum,

Nor busy housewife ply her evening care, Nor children run to greet their sire's return, And climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

That home is now desolate, but more desolate than more than widowed heart that still clings to the loved and lost.

Those little ones who faintly and yet fondly remember a father, are scattered abroad. They can recollect how father once came home and did not smile or speak; how dear mother wept; how strong men came, strangers, and looking stern and hard, how they bound poor father's hands and led him off. This, like a hateful dream, still haunts the young mind. And all this is now passing in terrible review before the mind of that man who marches to his cell. May the faithful God of love send his spirit there to soothe thy heart, thou man of guilt and grief; and in years to come may thy voice be heard to utter as experience: " It is good for me that I have been afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I learned to keep thy precepts."

The hall is well lighted with gas, and an excellent book from the library, with a chapter or two from " the Book" occupies the attention, soothes the feelings, and improves the heart. And yet how many sleepless nights are there passed. The mind wanders to past scenes of innocent engagements, to friends still dear, though years, long, sad years have intervened since meeting; while with others, there is the presence of guilt resting heavily on the soul. The remembrance of past life, a life of transgression, harrows up the feelings and makes night terrible.

Slowly and with silent tread the watchman passes his accustomed rounds, and the hours pass on until at early dawn the business— the wearying monotonous business of another day begins. Here are no cheering days of relaxation, no holidays for amusement, no fine excursions to mountains or to lakes, to mineral springs, or sea-side j no agreeable fireside conversation to beguile the tedious-ness of a " winter's night or summer's day." It is work, work, work; and all without the usual agreeable stimulant, remuneration, or the agreeable accompaniments of labor.

How do the convicts appear, and how do you manage to gain and keep their confidence and love? There is with young offenders generally, an indica-

tion of extreme sadness and shame, and with the old, of sullenness and suspicion. On my first visit they were generally found either covered up in their couch or sitting at the farther end of their cell. The voice of kindly greeting falls strangely on their ear. They have been fugitives from justice, pursued and hunted down, caught, ironed, thrust into jail, and brought through all the stages of their trial, followed through the streets by mobs of men and boys, and heard but little said of themselves or to themselves of a very flattering character, or in very kind terms. From the court they come to the prison, stared and gazed at, as so many conquered beasts of prey; and no one comes and speaks pleasantly and kindly, inquiring after their welfare.

Many of these men had been accustomed to despise religion and hate ministers. It generally requires two or three visits to gain the friendly attention of such, but it is

surprising how soon even they will learn to reciprocate true kindness. The footsteps of the chaplain are soon distinguished, and they are at the door, ready to welcome him.

Few, very few withhold their confidence, or fail to exhibit proofs of affectionate attachment.

Nearly all confide all the secrets of past life to the chaplain, unsolicited by him, and this attachment

continues often after their liberation. Often when visiting in various sections of the country, will a man come quietly by my side, silently grasp my hand, and whisper in my ear, "Do you not know me? it is A. B., once inside, you know." (" Inside," and " outside" are prison terms, and are more convenient, and also sound better than " in prison," or " out of prison.") Such interviews are often very affecting, and the hearty " farewell, God bless you," often raises the question in the surrounding crowd, of an acquaintance or perhaps relationship.

The few minutes allowed each convict for conversation with the Chaplain are highly prized, and generally well improved. Inquiries are made respecting the Sabbath School lesson, the sermon or some passage of scripture not well understood. Some of the more intelligent wish to discuss the merits of some interesting book they have read during the week, or the sermon preached by the stranger preacher who last addressed them. Then the sad ones are to be comforted— the inquirers to be enlightened— the sick to be pitied and prayed for, and a word of encouragement and a look of kindness for them all.

After the Sabbath School and religious services, the remainder of the Sabbath is devoted to the above named duties in connection with changing their books. This, by the way, is no small item in the account, for much time and pains are needed to suit the wants or tastes of all, so that each may find agreeable and profitable reading for the week. From a small beginning, the library has now become one of much value, numbering some nine hundred volumes. Besides these, a Bible, and book of Elementary Instruction, are furnished, also to each man attending Sabbath School, a Question Book, and copy of " Malcom's Bible Dictionary." The library is a judicious selection of books of all the various branches, Theology, Biography, Travels, Poetry and Miscellaneous.

About one in eight of all the convicts on entering prison cannot read or write, but most of them set about learning soon, and in earnest, and very few go from prison unable to read the Bible; and having no amusements, and plenty of time, most of them become great readers. Pass through the hall at any time when the men are in, and you will find nearly every man with his open book; converse with them, and you will find that they are understanding what they read. Copy books, are supplied for all who wish them, and also slates. Many of them study with much interest Chemistry, Natural and Moral Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, andc. All this, added to a good trade acquired while in prison, has contributed to send forth many a convict a wiser and a better man.

They must be very happy when the day of release comes, you are thinking. Doubtless with all there is a gladness to see the opening of the prison doors, and to feel that they are free to walk forth into the bright sunlight, - and breathe the sweet breath of heaven. But there is another view of the subject, which the poor man is compelled to take. " O, could I go home with a reputation unstained, could I meet my old acquaint-

tances as formerly, could I walk the streets of my native village erect, and conscious that I engaged the entire confidence of my old neighbors, then liberty would be really invaluable, but this cannot be."

"Some will openly insult me and spurn me from their society. Others will treat me with cold civility, a few will pity me, and even their tears will distress me. If I go to other parts, I am no sooner there than some familiar face stares upon me. If a thousand miles from my prison home, I commence business and begin to prosper, some ill wind wafts a man to that far off place who kindly informs the people of the place that man has been in the State Prison. The fatal announcement is the death-knell to my prosperity in that place." Thus even the day of liberty forces upon the mind of the thoughtful man a sense of his degradation, and he feels it more acutely than when in company with those who were his companions in guilt. Often do they sit down and weep bitterly, and seem irresolute and undetermined where to go or what to do.

No, the day of liberation is not, to the thoughtful man, a day of exultation. Often have I seen the tear, and heard the sigh that told the sorrow of the heart of one, who, though no longer in prison, was departing with the consciousness that earth had, to a great extent, lost its charms to him, and that henceforth, aside from the mercy of God and the pity of good men, he had but little to hope for.

CHAPTER V.

CATHOLIC CONVICTS.

ABOUT one eighth of the convicts, on an average, for the last nine years, have been Catholics. The question is often asked whether anything can be done for their benefit, or whether their prejudices of education do not prevent their profiting from any instruction imparted by a Protestant. To Catholic or Protestant who may chance to read these pages, I will speak truly in answer to this question.

In the first place, I have endeavored to instruct such of them as are ignorant, to read, spell, and write. More than one-half I think, from year to year are of this class; and I find than nearly all are willing to undertake, and most of them are capable of learning with considerable alacrity. The Bible is put into the cell of every prisoner and is much read by most of them. But few of the Catholics have any knowledge of either their own or the Protestant versions. I do not mean that they have no knowledge of the things taught in the Book of

God, for with much of tradition and superstition, there is also much scripture truth communicated to the Catholics through their liturgies, and other methods of instruction. But I cannot recollect of more than three or four who had ever read either version of the blessed volume, and but one, who brought a Catholic Bible with him to the prison. He was a well educated man, brought up by a most excellent mother, who, though a Catholic, is in my judgment, a sincere and devout Christian. This man, to the end of his confinement, adhered zealously to his faith, and was very eager to defend it. There were undoubtedly others, who at heart remained more or less attached to that church, but manifested no prejudice against other religious denominations. Several of them have told me that on finding a Protestant Bible in their cell, they avoided it with a superstitious hatred, and for days, perhaps for weeks, it lay unopened. But at length this feeling wore off, and motives of curiosity impelled them to take up the book and read.

The Catholic convict is always respectful in his deportment to all the officers, and especially so towards the Chaplain. In this he is an example to the Protestant. He may be suspicious of the character of our religion, but will never be guilty of disrespect, or even of inattention to the teacher.

As with all others, I sought first to show them that their own good was to be promoted in their imprisonment, and especially in the intellectual and religious instruction imparted to them. As our acquaintance improved, the subject of religion was of course more directly introduced. Believing as I do that the best method "is to show to such as are in error, a more excellent way, I endeavored to teach and impress the mind with the great essential truths of religion, and more especially the necessity of coming to God through Jesus our only mediator; of seeking directly, every one for himself, for pardon, salvation, and eternal life, and of searching the scriptures, that each might know the way. I made no attack on " the Church, I but urging the important doctrine and duties above named, and exhorting them from Sabbath to Sabbath, each man to give diligence to make his calling and election sure, waited for these instructions and exhortations to produce their results. Of course in a short time there would be an anxiety to converse on some points of disagreement between the sentiments of the Bible and the teachings of the priesthood, as also the various points of difference between Protestants and Catholics. I always aimed to deal frankly and with perfect honesty in all such conversations. Though I never indulge in harsh and uncharitable terms, yet I told to them plainly and honestly, the difference between the Protestant and Catholic versions of the Bible, and said to them, "If you are not satisfied I will procure you a copy of the Douay, provided you will read it with proper attention." I have generally found the Catholics the most attentive readers of the Bible. And let me here bear testimony to the transcendent power of that Book not only to reach the heart and sound the depth of the unbelieving soul, but also to overthrow erroneous and false doctrines, and lead into all truth. As one brought up to revere the Holy Volume, and to look to it with certain confidence in its inspiration, I had always believed in its efficacy to save the soul.

The son of a mother who from a child had known the scriptures, who had them substantially imprinted on her memory, and who, when infirm and blind, had such an undying attachment to God's truth as to keep it where she could lay her hands upon it,—a mother whose whole life was a beautiful comment on the faithfulness and purity and love there taught,—I say the son of such a mother could but revere that "Book of Books." But never did I see its power to correct false views of religion as among that people. Could I be a conscientious Catholic priest, and believe that there could be no salvation out of that church, I should dread the influence of the Bible more than all other influences. Instead of burning heretics, I would direct my attention to the book that so effectually teaches the heresy. While the Bible is abroad in the world, there is no safety for Catholicism. A convict having read this blessed word of truth a few weeks, asks, "Why do our priests keep this book from us? I can see nothing here of a bad tendency, nothing to make a man the worse Christian, or citizen, or husband, or father, or son." He reads on, and again asks, "Why do not our priests give us this book?" "I never found anything that reached my heart like this; it is just what want—just what it seems to me every one wants." I reply to such questions, "read on." Here is

the book; God, in his providence has placed it in your hands; his Spirit indited it; go and read—read and pray—pray and meditate. Let no man, no Catholic, no Protestant dogmas divert you from that work. Above you, and yet always near you, is "the God with whom you have to do." To Him, and Him alone, are you responsible. The whole matter lies between Him and yourself. He is the "true Shepherd," find your way as a lost sheep back to Him. Read and remember there is one God, and one mediator between him and guilty man. With steady eye, and undivided attention, and unshaken purpose seek through that Mediator to find your way to the Father. Here I rest the whole matter. I am not careful to express all my views of the Church of Rome, though I always, as I am able give reasons for my Protestant faith. But I wish to induce that frame of mind, in which God may speak to the erring, and awaken a serious inquiry, "What is truth?" My opinions can have but little influence, and I choose that God may, utter his voice. I am quite content to abide the issue if the man will read his Bible, cherish the Divine Spirit in its visits to the soul, and honestly and earnestly pray to God. The affectionate intercourse of the Chaplain, his faithful conversation, and fervent prayers, and occasional aid in removing any seeming difficulties or apparent discrepancies in the Bible; all this is undoubtedly to be prized. But after all, these are but of secondary importance.

There is in this manner of dealing with Catholics, something so fair and frank, something that so commends itself to the man's good sense, something so strikingly in contrast with all the teachings and instruction to which he has been accustomed, that a most favorable impression is the result. If, added to this, he sees the spirit of true Christianity, exemplified in the life of such as profess the Protestant religion, there needs no controversy to determine the result.

I could give several instances of the efficacy of this method of benefitting such men. One, the reader will find in the case of "Thomas Carr" in another chapter of this book. I will mention only one other: a man, whose name perhaps I had better withhold, some twenty-four years of age was a few years since brought to our prison for the alleged attempt to abuse a female. The affair happened at an Irish drinking party, and whether any one was really insulted, or if so, whether poor

C was the offender, no one knows, or ever will know. C. was one of the few Irish laborers who have been favored with the means of education. He would be marked a medium scholar in one of our New England schools. His father died leaving him when quite young to the care of an excellent mother, who spared no pains or expense within her means to benefit her son. Not only did she send him constantly to the parish school, but spent much time and labor to help on his education.

At the same time she was greatly anxious to impress his mind with religious truth. She conversed with him privately, read to him often from her Bible of the love and sufferings of Jesus, and other interesting portions of the Sacred Writings, and then kneeling down with him commended him to God in solemn prayer. From the history of this woman, as given by her son, I have no doubt she was one of the most devoted of Christians. She insisted on keeping and reading her Bible, and from many of her remarks which have been repeated to me by C., I believe she was one who held daily and intimate communion with God, and whose whole soul was fully consecrated to Christ and His cause. And who can doubt that there are such consecrated souls

scattered among the millions of that church; keeping themselves pure, "fearing God and working righteousness" according to their best light, and being accepted of Him, in spite of the corrupting influence of the "priestly intervention," and kindred errors, and assisted by such great fundamental truths as are taught in that church, and through the Divine influence granted all who sincerely seek after the truth. I am happy to believe a great multitude will come up at the last day from the ranks of that church, whom God will acknowledge as His people. I am the more confirmed in this, by an acquaintance with the "Life and writings of the Marquis de Renty," Thomas a Kempis, Madame Guyon, and others who lived and died in that communion. Souls more truly sanctified to God, never passed away from earth to heaven.

The impressions made on the youthful mind of C., by the faithful labors of his mother were very strong. Often, said he, did I weep profusely over my sins, as I thought of my Redeemer's sufferings, and often felt a degree of peace and confidence. At length by the marriage of the mother with a very unworthy man, their little paradise was destroyed, and all that had made life so pleasant was interrupted. That husband was a drunkard, and very abusive. The son could not see his good mother suffer abuse without interference, and the base man drove him from her.

A homeless wanderer, the poor unhappy boy for a while retained his religious impressions. The recollections of mother, and home, and the Bible, and those seasons of blessed instruction and prayer kept him from evil. But temptations arose, many and strong. Little by little he yielded to them, and especially that almost universal propensity among the Irish, the use of intoxicating liquors. Social, generous, intelligent, he was sought as a companion in all the circles of his countrymen, and at length his early religious training ceased to restrain. Not that he was an abandoned sinner; his one vice was intemperance, and that only on great occasions, as fairs, or wakes, or holydays. It was in this way, as I have before stated, that he became charged with crime. The sight of a Protestant Bible in his cell, and the idea of being shut up with it, was to him quite repulsive. He had supposed that the Protestant and Catholic versions were no more alike, than the writings of Joe Smith, and the Apostle Paul. For a long time the book lay unopened on his shelf, but he was very unhappy. Memory tormented him. The past was always reproaching him; God in heaven seemed to frown upon him; hell from beneath to await his coming, and earth was utterly void of good for him.

Slowly at last, and with some misgivings, he raised his hand and took the volume and read. How great was his surprise to find, that page after page taught no other doctrine than that taught in his mother's Bible. He read of the same God,—of the same Jesus,—and of the same duties, responsibilities, promises, and warnings. His mind was at once made up to converse freely with the Chaplain, and to make known his state of mind. It was easy to convince him that he was lost and undone without a Saviour, but not so easy for him to learn the simple way to Christ. His sinful habits had operated to darken and confuse his mind, and unfit him for the carrying out of a steady purpose to throw himself on the Divine mercy. And his old superstitions still clung to him; so that while his judgment, enlightened by scripture, decided on their falsity, they still retained a hold on him, of which he was hardly aware. He longed for spiritual liberty, but for some time sought it in vain. This state is forcibly described by that eminent Christian poet, Rev. Charles Wesley:—

" My Saviour bids me come; Ah, why do I delay; He calls the weary sinner home, And yet from Him I stay. What is it keeps me back, From which I cannot part; Which will not let the Saviour take Possession of my heart?"

The matter was made plain to him at last, and singularly enough too, in a manner which I will now relate, as he gave it to me. " I lay down at night," said he, " after reading and praying long and earnestly, and endeavoring to search out the hindrance to my deliverance from sin. I pondered over the subject, but could get no light, and wept most bitterly. Worn out, at length I fell asleep, and dreamed you came in, walking with an uncommonly light and buoyant step, and coming quickly up to me as I stood in tears said, C., here is something for you, holding out to me a new shirt of the most beautiful material I had ever seen. This shall be yours if you will accept it. Overwhelmed with gratitude, I hardly knew what to do or what to think, but finally took the garment. You said to me, put it on, otherwise you cannot have it. I immediately attempted to do so, but found it a most difficult matter to accomplish. After repeated unsuccessful attempts I began to despair, when you spoke to me and said, C., what are you trying to do? To put on that beautiful shirt you gave me. "What! over your old one? I looked at my old prison garment, and O, how ragged and filthy. Never did I see it look half so bad before. In great disgust I laid hold of it, tearing it from me and throwing it as far from me as I could. I then with the most perfect ease threw on the new one, which seemed almost of itself to take the place of the old one. I looked at the new garment, fitting most perfectly and of the most beautiful texture and whiteness, and such was my joy that I sprang to my feet, and was at once wide awake.

" And now all was made plain. I needed no one to explain or comment on instruction thus communicated by Him who speaketh to man by dreams and visions of the night, that he may keep back his soul from death. I saw the whole, and looking up to God, made the surrender required, quitting, as I trust, forever, my dependence for salvation on all others, and accepting Jesus. Instantly I was filled with peace in believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost, and my whole soul adored the riches of his grace."

In this frame I found him on the morning of a beautiful Sabbath. A more joyous countenance I never saw, nor have I often heard words more eloquently describe the emotions of a soul on fire. The intelligent reader will need no notes by way of explanation of this vision. C. had perhaps unconsciously trusted, after all his care and caution, in part, to some fragments of his old traditions, and the instruction was not only beneficial in that hour but was his directory for time to come. I know not how a volume of Evangelical sermons could have made the way more plain. " Vy capitals" said a German convict to whom I related the story, " veil, veil, Neander could not have done better." He had studied under that great and good theologian.

From the time of the " dream of the shirt," O. has gone on his way with much perseverance,

" hungering and thirsting after righteousness." He has read with profit the writings of Dr. Up-ham, and Wesley, and Fletcher, as well as the Bible, and the theme of inward holiness seems more than any other to absorb his whole soul. He is still in prison, and we cannot know for certainty how he may conduct himself on attaining his

liberty, should he be spared to hail that event; but he gives bright promise of stability and usefulness.

CHAPTER VI.

STATE PRISON RELIGION.

" I DONT think much of State Prison religion," said a learned and very respectable minister of the gospel to me one day. Had the expression fallen from the lips of one of the multitude, who think lightly of religion itself, I should not have noticed it at all; for such entertain precisely the same opinion of that reverend gentleman, and all his brethren in the ministry and laity. And the skeptic assigns the same reasons for his opinion that the above named clergyman did, viz.: " I knew two or three of them who professed religion in prison, and on coming out, in a short time were as bad as ever." Now I do not doubt the good brother's knowledge of these instances of hypocrisy or apostacy, but I object to his conclusion. The same method of reasoning would fully sustain the skeptic in his conclusions drawn against all religion. " I have known two or three ministers who became wicked, therefore I don't think much of the piety of ministers." As I pondered over that expression, I was sad. Is it so? Is there, then, no hope for a poor sinner in prison? Must we conclude that they who pass this gate can never in any wise enter into life?

But why not these be saved as well as other sinners? Have we not one Father, even God? O, but they are so wicked. True, but " as I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but rather that he turn and live;" and " though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made whiter than snow." " Is anything too hard for the Lord? " O, Christian! let me ask whose prayer was the last that fell on the ear of the dying Saviour? Faintly he heard the trembling accents of a poor sinner's prayer; and that sinner was a felon. Who, of all the pardoned throng to whom the Saviour spake forgiveness, was the last accepted one? A convict. Jesus lingered in the pangs of his crucifixion, and in the more terrible agonies of a soul made an offering for sin, that he might save— whom? A rich sinner? An honorable sinner? A sinner from among the princes? O, no! that he might save a condemned malefactor! Blessed Jesus! thy " grace aboundeth to the chief of sinners." With an eye fixed on Calvary, often have we joined in our prison worship in singing, while almost every convict seemed to melt with tenderness— 7

" O, thou who hanged'st on a tree,

Our guilt and suffering to remove, Pity the souls who look to thee, And save us by thy dying love.

" Numbered among transgressors thou,

Between the felons crucified, Speak to our hearts, and tell us now, Wherefore hast thou for sinners died?

" For its wast thou not lifted up?

For us a willing offering made? That we— the objects— we might hope Thou hast for us a ransom paid.

" O! might we, with believing eyes, Thee in thy bloody vesture see, And cast us on thy sacrifice! Jesus, my Lord, remember me."

Never will these seasons be forgotten, by me at least. To see scores of rough men—men long unaccustomed to weep for sin— subdued, humbled before God, and

evidently thinking with amazement and wonder on the condescending love of Jesus,—to see this, and then to feel

"The speechless awe that dares not move, And all the silent heaven of love,"

this, more than any thing I ever saw, illustrated the saying, "This man receiveth sinners."

One of these prayer meetings is alluded to in the following communication made to the editor of

"Zion's Herald," by Rev. Martin C. Briggs, now president of the "University of the Pacific," and published in that excellent paper, February 20th, 1850.

While I was in Concord, N. H., Rev. E. Smith, Chaplain of the New Hampshire State Prison honored me with an invitation to attend a prayer meeting in his charge, which I was the more desirous to do on account of having some old acquaintances then boarding at the public expense, within its walls—rather a suspicious fact to confess through the medium of your excellent paper. When the prisoners came up from their cells into the prayer room, it was not easy to repress the conviction that I had been there before."

Mr. Briggs had several times preached to the convicts and had taught some of them in our Prison Sabbath School. To this, as above seen, he playfully alludes.

"In truth it was good to be there. It has not often been my happiness to attend a meeting of equal interest. The addresses to the Father were in the main, intelligent, fervent and humble; and some gave penetrating evidence of deep and intimate communion with God. The thought would suggest itself, that it might be well to send some forth to bless, by their example, the convicts of a higher tribunal, without the circumvallations of granite.

"Mr. Smith, notwithstanding the burden of enfeebled health, has surmounted obstacles in the discharge of his delicate duties as Chaplain, which few men are bold enough to encounter. But the cloud appeared at length on the horizon of assured hope and a season of refreshing came. The good seed sprang up with a rapidity of growth truly astonishing and greatly to the praise of Him who rewards the husbandman's toil with waving harvests.

"Our brother now numbers about twenty in his little flock, who give such evidences of piety that even scoffers at inward religion, are compelled to admit the validity of the change. This should afford new courage to those who preach to the spirits in prison."

To this I may add the following communication giving an account of a religious awakening and revival, in a State penitentiary during the present year.

"Protestant Episcopal Convention for Illinois: "This body held its session in Alton, week before last. The proceedings were of an interesting character. Among other items, we notice the following, in connection with the State penitentiary in Alton.

"The Convention adjourned at an early hour for the purpose of proceeding to the penitentiary in order to be present at the administration of the solemn rite of confirmation, to a large number of the convicts who have manifested a deep repentance for their sins, for some months past. As about one half of them had never been baptised, this sacred ordinance was in the first place administered to twenty-three of them, by Rev. Dr. McMasters, Chaplain of the prison, under whose ministrations they have

been brought to a sense of their guilt, followed by a solemn exhortation from the same gentleman, and another from the Rev. Dr. Arnett, of Milwaukee.

" After the close of this affecting ceremony, the Bishop addressed the recipients, for the space of perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, in one of the most powerful and eloquent exhortations to which it has ever been our privilege to listen; and which we are persuaded, can never be forgotten by any one who heard it, but of which, we feel unable to give even a slight sketch. Suffice it to observe that the strong walls and barred windows of the hall in which the rite was performed,—the prisoners, nearly all of whom were bathed in tears,—the deep and sympathetic emotion, visible in the countenances of the members of the Convention, and other spectators,—the solemn and earnest language of the Bishop, and the deep tones of his voice, as he briefly alluded to the past lives, the present condition, and the future destiny of the persons to whom he was speaking,—altogether, formed a scene such as probably never before has been witnessed in the United States, or perhaps in any other country, and which, we think cannot fail to make a salutary impression not only upon those most interested in it, but also upon every beholder."

I have also noticed an account of another revival among the convicts of another State penitentiary, in which a minister of the Baptist denomination, baptized a large number. Of the expediency of administering the Christian ordinance to convicts, while in prison, I have not been fully persuaded; but it will be seen that others, whom I am quite willing to call wiser and better men, have believed it right and duty. " Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." With all this weight of evidence, from respectable sources, I have but little to add. The doubt entertained by many as to the religion of the prisoners, it is presumed, does not, so far as Christians are concerned, arise from any want of confidence in the goodness of God. Such cannot doubt the love of our Heavenly Father, or the grace of our Lord Jesus toward the vilest of sinners, and would be ashamed to preach or to avow any other sentiment. But the doubt arises from the improbability that these men, so long accustomed to evil, will be persuaded to seek and obey the Lord. They are too ignorant to know, or too depraved to embrace " the truth as it is in Jesus."

To such I commend the arguments they themselves employ on behalf of missions to the Hottentots, Caribs, and other of the more degraded of the heathen. I know that many of the converts are ignorant, but I know too, that Jesus' Gospel comes

" A light in every heart to shine."

And to them who sit in darkness, and in the region of the shadow of death, has great light come." It has been abundantly demonstrated that the Gospel can reach the heart and conscience of the sinner, in the most degraded and benighted condition, and that the idea once entertained that such must first be civilized and then Christianized, is just reversing the true order of things. " Strike at the root! aim at the heart," is the true Gospel method.

O, let the poor ignorant man know that there is. One above him who cares for him; tell him the simple story of Calvary; fix this in his mind, that "Jesus loved and died for me," and add a knowledge of the simple truths essential to a man's salvation, and you have accomplished more than if you had trained his intellect to the highest point ever reached by man, and overlooked the heart. It is also true that many of our

convicts are very wicked men. I say many, for there are some who are mere children in years as well as knowledge; and others are not guilty of rejecting parental counsel, and sporting with the tears and prayers of a father and a mother, and trampling on the writhing heart of a pious companion, but are men whose sins, to some extent at least, are sins of ignorance. Now " why should it be thought by you a thing incredible that God should raise the dead? " should bring from death to life these poor men; or even that more hardened sinners should at last yield " to be saved by grace."

All who have attended our religious services, will, I doubt not, agree with me, that a more attentive and interested congregation can nowhere be found. During my ministry of nine years in this prison, I never saw an indication of levity, or an instance of apparent contempt for religious ordinances. The convicts hear with deep and earnest attention, and often with tears. I am convinced that there is a greater amount of deep and conscious feeling on religious subjects in this, than in congregations in general. And, judging by what is in other congregations deemed satisfactory evidence, I have no doubt genuine conversions are frequent. I know that we are here met with the suggestion, that this is, in most cases, mere pretence on the part of the convict, and is enacted with the hope of securing favor, and perhaps ultimate pardon. To this I desire to reply more at large.

That there is an inducement to make a hypocritical profession of religion, I allow; but this inducement is, I think, much overrated. I have never urged, or heard urged by others, the piety of a convict, as an argument for his liberation.

His peaceable and orderly habits are mentioned, but never his religious pretensions. This is well known to the convicts, as we are careful to present no motives to induce hypocrisy; and this objection would lay equally against the piety of any other class of persons. No one will deny that there are temptations to pretended piety everywhere. Here is a mechanic, for instance, living in a village where the business men are generally members of some influential church. He sees that one of his calling who belongs to that church, is preferred, in most cases, to himself, and that his interest would be much promoted by a religious profession, and a connection with that prevailing denomination. The same is true of the merchant, the lawyer, the physician, and in fact, of all classes; not even excepting the immaculate seeker after political office. Now it is to be hoped few become members of a church, from such base and unworthy motives; but still there is the inducement, as well as in the case of the convict. All that can be done in any case is to acquaint ourselves intimately with the professed experience and life of the pretended convert, and decide according to the Divine rule " By their fruits ye shall know them."

Now as to the convicts, I have seldom been mistaken in the judgment I have formed as to their piety. A man of ordinary sagacity and experience, conversing intimately and confidentially with one, through all the stages of his professed experience, will be able, certainly in most cases, to detect hypocrisy, and to discern between the true and the false; and this is the easier done in the case of prisoners in general, than in that of others, who have been educated to know everything about religious experience, and therefore better able to deceive.

I have often found individuals who would attempt to deceive, but who, not knowing what really belonged to a true religious experience made a very awkward business of

it; and though perhaps a tear should have been excited rather, still I have sometimes found it hard to suppress a smile at the want of success of the poor wretch, in his attempt to imitate the religion of Jesus.

Farther, I have always found that those who gave good evidence of piety, were far less anxious for pardon, than others. I have known many who have assured me that they had no desire at the present time, to be released, partly because they were willing to suffer just punishment for their sins, and partly because they were convinced that until their minds became further fortified against temptation, and established in religion, they had better remain in prison. And in cases of clear religious experience, though the man might desire rather his liberty, yet there is always "resignation," and a quiet waiting for the providence of God to accomplish deliverance. I admit that, as a class, convicts are not so stable as men in general. Of course their religious impressions are not as likely to be permanent; but a very large proportion of those who have died, have given good evidence that they "died in faith," and some have departed in much triumph. Beside these, I know of a considerable number who are good and acceptable members of the Christian church.

There was a young man who was possessed of brilliant talents, but who, at the early age of seventeen, was brought to prison. He was a confirmed infidel, and could use with much skill and readiness all the infidel arguments, of all the schools of infidelity. The word of God, however, found way to his heart, and as I was speaking on the general judgment, he became so powerfully affected that he sprang from his seat, and rushing by the officers, ran down into the hall, and threw himself upon his couch, in awful agony. He soon found deliverance, and is soon to graduate from a Presbyterian Theological Seminary, having been educated under the patronage of a celebrated clergyman of that denomination. On the whole, I find that in respect to religious matters, State prisoners are not another race of beings, widely separated from the mass of mankind, but that all the characteristics of the human kind belong to them. And this is likewise true, as to intellect. Some seem to imagine that convicts are an uncommonly dull and ignorant class, while others imagine a set of men of great sprightliness, and of intellect superior to men in general. I am persuaded that the truth is with neither opinion, but judging from the hundreds I have known, I rank them with the community, and neither below or above it.

In regard to education they are below the New England medium, but fully equal to the average of communities in other parts of the United States. 8

CHAPTER VII.

THOMAS CARR.

THOMAS CARR was physically and intellectually an honor to that "finest pisintry in the world." Of good form, and handsome features, and possessed of great kindness of heart, he was, from his first coming among us, a great favorite with all the officers. He was, in his religious training, and honest convictions, a Catholic. His education was otherwise neglected. He had not learned the alphabet of the English language. At the time of his commitment, a considerable number of the convicts, by permission of the Warden, held weekly meetings for prayer and religious conversation; the meetings being conducted by the Chaplain. The Sabbath services were also listened to with interest and all the meetings were crowned with the Divine blessing.

Tommy was quite attentive, though somewhat suspicious of the character of our religion. In a short time he appeared very thoughtful. I spoke to him, kindly urging in a general manner the importance of religion, without startling his prejudices. For some time I saw his convictions were deepening; at length his feelings became so intense that he, unsolicited by me, divulged them.

"Mr. Chaplain," said he, "I do not know what to do; my heart is very sad entirely. I say my prayers over and over again, but I get no pace; I lie down at night and I get no pace. O," said he, as his tears fell fast, "what shall I do, your reverence; what shall I do?" I hastened to set before him the crucified Jesus as his only hope, and fix his eye steadily on him. With some reluctance he consented to attend our prayer meetings, and bowed himself in supplication. After some time spent in earnest and importunate prayer, in which he cried aloud for pardon and forgiveness, he, like Jacob, prevailed and found deliverance.

O, how that face shone, as did that of the ancient Prophet. And with what true Irish eloquence did he give glory to God for his wonderful deliverance, "O, glory be to Jesus!" exclaimed he, "I find that this way of praying and confession does the business; I am blist! O, I am blist entirely!" We wept together tears of grateful joy, and from that time Tom went on his way rejoicing. "Show me the name of Jesus," said he to me one day, handing to me the Bible. I did so; he looked at it a long time steadily, and at length his eyes filled with tears, "O! think I shall know it," said he, with deep emotion.

But cannot I learn to read his words for myself? he inquired; I assured him of assistance, and that by close application he might soon be able to search the blessed record, and read and understand the truths that make wise unto salvation. And in a few months he made such proficiency as to make out pretty accurately whole chapters. He also took great delight in committing hymns. Some students of the Methodist Theological Institute gave him a fine copy of the hymn book, and at his death I found the leaves on which the most devotional hymns are, very much worn. Such hymns as that commencing, "Alas, and did my Saviour bleed," and "Plunged in a gulf of deep despair," were evidently much studied.

He seemed anxious to learn to write, and on procuring him a slate, he discovered a most remarkable readiness in acquiring this branch of knowledge. From his first attempt he would imitate my copies almost perfectly, following copy, defects and all, with most amazing accuracy. One day on passing his cell he held up his slate filled with well formed letters, though at this time he could not read a word. "See!" said he, his honest face glowing with commendable pride at his success.

I looked, and found that the roguish young fellow on guard had set him for a copy a most wicked sentence, which Tom had fully written out to the bottom of his slate, imitating every letter without knowing one of them. I commended his skill, and dashed out the writing, and Tom never knew but it was a very fine passage of scripture.

Thus he continued to make rapid advancement as well in reading, spelling, and writing, as in religious knowledge and experience. But his time was short. Suddenly he was found laboring under a disease which, though unattended with pain, rapidly undermined the foundations of life. He was aware of it, but only rejoiced, "because," said he, "I shall go to Jesus." Through his last sickness all was calm and tranquil, and

his sun set without a cloud. That dying scene is indelibly impressed on my memory. All was silent in that gloomy apartment but the slow, hard breathing of the dying man. I prayed and rejoiced with him. "O," said he, "you told me of Jesus, and how to find him. I love every body, but you more than all, and next to Jesus. O, how I wish I had something to leave you as a token of my gratitude;" as if recollecting, "O," said he, "I have a five cent piece, will you please accept it, and let it bring to your mind Tommy Carr when I am in heaven."

Ah, had it been as many thousand dollars it could not have made more apparent the gratitude of that honest heart, now faintly beating its last pulsations. Opening his eyes, and smiling as he looked around on us, then closing them with expressions of holy triumph, he ceased to breathe.

O, what a transition from a prison to a palace; with what transports did that spirit look out upon the heavenly city

"That city so holy and pure, No sorrow can breathe in its air."

How strange a liberation; at once from the cold walls of stone and from the walls of flesh. How strangely changed his companions I From a sad company of gloomy, guilty convicts, to an innumerable company, glorious, triumphant, "brighter than the noonday sun."

In our city cemetery, in the "Prisoners' Lot," repose the mortal remains of Thomas Carr. The foot prints of parent, brother, sister, marked not the path to that lone home; but rest, my brother,

"Peaceful in thy grave so low."

"God, thy Redeemer lives, And ever from the skies Looks down, and watches all thy dust, Till he shall bid it rise."

No stone marks the place, but the grave of little Benjamin, the lamented of his father, the President of the United States, reposing near by, shall be no more faithfully remembered than thine, nor shall it at the resurrection yield up a form more glorious.

CHAPTER VIII.

HICKS, THE BURGLAR.

THE name of this individual is familiar with many, and his history suggests some useful thoughts, and may, perhaps, be read with interest and profit. The above is not his surname, but the one by which he was generally known. In person, Hicks was of small size, but possessed of great muscular strength and activity. There was something in his countenance which indicated intellect set in motion. His mind was incessantly active, and was capable of grasping almost any subject, and pursuing it with steadiness and accuracy. But his early training was very defective. A strong hand should have controlled him, and a strict discipline checked his waywardness, and sleepless love should have watched over his youth.

Unfortunately he never had a father to control and guide him in his childhood and youth, and he was too impulsive and obstinate for the feeble hand of a mother. He soon went beyond her control, and became known as a daring and reckless lad, possessed of some fine traits of character, but of others of an opposite and dangerous kind. His moral sense seems never to have been but imperfectly developed.

He acquired a tolerably good English education, and was quite fond of reading, and very fluent in conversation. His views of religion were very peculiar. He professed

to believe without a doubt in the existence and the providence of God, and few could state, or defend more clearly and skillfully those great doctrines than Hicks. But he never could be persuaded of the doctrines peculiar to Christianity. He seemed to treat the subject with candor, and was never to my knowledge, guilty of rudeness towards any whom he thought sincere in their professions of piety. But the idea of a scheme of pardon, the saving without inflicting merited punishment, the "forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin," he was quite unwilling to receive. He professed to believe that God, the father of all, delighted in justice, and in his administration would at some time, and in some way, bring it to pass; and further, that he employed right-minded men to assist him in his administration of justice upon the earth. If one is an oppressor and unjust, if he is illiberal or an extortioner, and human laws will not or do not reach him, it becomes the duty of a lover of justice to make the matter right. He should, in the most convenient way, dispossess the rich man of his ill-gotten gain, and restore it to its proper owner, or to some of the same class. Thus the extortioner and oppressor would be taught a salutary lesson, and find that "riches gotten by deceit are soon wasted;" the poor man, while he was made comfortable in his circumstances, would learn to be patient and to bear up under the ills of life until justice came to his relief.

Now whether Hicks' thievish propensity suggested this theory, "the wish being father to the thought," or whether his doctrine led to his practice, or whether each gave strength and activity to the other, is left to the judgment of the reader. Such were his avowed sentiments, and such his acknowledged course of life. I have never seen a man who, in my opinion, so faithfully represented the celebrated chieftains of brigands of the Old "World, in these things; and had the physical and moral conditions of our country been similar to that of some others, I should have looked for him as the renowned leader of an hundred desperate men. He would have inspired them with confidence in his leadership, and the most unbounded attachment to himself. He would have nerved them up to efforts the most hazardous, and to the endurance of great fatigue. He would have cultivated in them the kindest affections toward the poor and suffering, and checked all the remonstrances of conscience by making them the champions of justice, the friends of the poor, and the protectors of the weak. He would have fed the hungry and clothed the naked as zealously and as kindly as a Christian man could do; and the luckless freebooter who should have been known to injure the person or the property of a weak, defenceless, or destitute person, would have brought down the most terrible punishment upon his devoted head.

His resources would, of course, have been drawn from the affluent; the pockets, or the shop, or the parlor, of the wealthy, and especially such as had acquired their wealth by unjust or oppressive measures. His men would have been trained to the most exact justice among themselves, and no disorderly member would have been suffered to remain among them. No cruelties would have been allowed except in cases of "necessity." They would have been trained to rob with politeness, and to disburse to the needy with great liberality and cheerfulness. In a word, he would have been the American "Rob Roy" But the state of things in our land is not favorable to such organization.

The depredator here, generally finds it safest to go forth in his "individual capacity," or at most, to take in but a single partner. Here a reader stops short and throws out

some intimations about somebody plundering the people. I do not know that I get his meaning, but it is something about getting an "act of incorporation," and "worthless stock," and "over issue," and the "defaulting of gentlemen of our first families."

I presume, however, the man does not mean anything serious, only disposed to be a little facetious; it can't be that he intends to be understood that the transactions hinted at are robberies. O, no, you do not feel a robber's hand in your pocket, or hear his footsteps in your parlor, or see his beautiful revolver with its many eyes, looking you in the face. To be sure, the property is gone, but "are they not all honorable men?"

I am not prepared to give the whole history of Hicks, if indeed it were desirable to do so. He is said to have committed many daring robberies, and to have plundered property to a considerable amount. He was generally successful in evading his pursuers, and while the officers of justice were, as they supposed, in close pursuit of him, he would be in some other locality, "driving a rousing business." He often made hair breadth escapes from the many who were ambitious to take one so renowned, or were stimulated by the offer of a rich reward. Frequently did he suffer much from cold, and hunger, and fatigue. On one occasion, having made a successful attempt to replenish his funds, he found that his "cash on hand," amounted to one hundred dollars. His first care was, at the setting in of night, to find food, for he was almost famished. He was on one of the Green Mountains of Vermont, and wandered long, and suffered much; at length he discovered a small, poor looking house, and on arousing the inmates, found it tenanted by a poor widow, recently bereft of her husband, and with a large family of children. He spake kindly to the woman, giving her assurance of safety, and she brought out her little store of food, a large proportion of which Hicks eagerly devoured, and then, after a little rest, taking out a very small sum from his one hundred dollars, placed the rest in the hand of the widow, with his warmest thanks for her hospitality. This trait of character was always very prominent in his prison life. His sympathies were always active where he knew of the sufferings of any of the convicts. On no other occasion did he ever evince a wish that I should evade or violate any rule of the prison. But several times, (and sometimes with tears,) did I urge me to take portions of his own food, or tobacco, to men, who either by the order of the physician, or as a punishment for insubordination, were deprived of their ordinary rations. And if any one was evidently destroying his health by vicious indulgence, or if any were unable to read or write, it was wonderful how a man of his habits of life should show such evident proofs of a sympathetic feeling and generous heart. On one occasion he attempted to correspond with another convict, which was, of course, a violation of the prison rules. A few lines written by H. and directed to the other prisoner, was put into the clothing that had been washed, so that when distributed the letter would find its place, when the man who works in that department had made the proper assignment of the articles. Of course, that functionary, though entirely innocent, was suspected, and his denial of any knowledge of the affair was not satisfactory proof of his innocence. Circumstantial evidence was strong against him, and poor G. was marched off to No. 1, as that undesirable locality designed for the accommodation of unruly convicts, is called. The Old Man refused to "own up," and his supposed obstinacy was likely to cost him a long confinement.

By some means the matter became suspected by

Hicks, who sent a request for the officer to call at his cell. "Sir," said Hicks, "will you tell me whether the Old Man G. is in No. 1?" "Why, what is that to you?" responded the officer. "Perhaps nothing," said Hicks, "but if he is there for writing that letter, or for having any knowledge of it, he should be at once released, and I should take his place, which I am now ready and anxious to do." He was informed of the fact, and at once started and followed the officer to the solitary cell, and expressing the utmost sorrow for poor G., entered cheerfully the lone place. I do not think his confinement was very long, nor his "suffering intolerable," for that officer was capable of fully appreciating such an honorable act as he had witnessed; an act that would do honor to any one in like circumstances.

I have named these incidents in this place, out of their order of time, because I wished to give an illustration of his character. I now return to his history. After many unsuccessful attempts, he was at last arrested, tried, and sentenced to the Vermont State Prison, where he spent several years. On coming out he immediately commenced his old practices, and soon had another company of sheriff's at his heels. More than once he was arrested, but by some cunning manoeuvre or some desperate effort, he would succeed in escaping again. At length he was taken and confined in the County Jail in Charlestown, N. H. "While awaiting his trial, he, with another prisoner, set fire to their apartment to just burn their way out. But the fire kindled and burned more fiercely than they had expected or desired, and at length they found themselves compelled to cry "Jire," and alarm the people. "The miserable sleepy fellows!" said he, in relating the story, "it did seem that they had no regard for us, and were willing to jeopardise our valuable lives." After a long time the inhabitants began to wake up and to bestir themselves. They had, however, waited so long, that it was not necessary to strike a light to find where the fire was. The whole building was in flames, and all of the exertions of the villagers was not sufficient to check the devouring element. It "broke jail," and went out destroying dwellings, stores, offices, outhouses, and the beautiful Unitarian Church, one of the most costly and beautiful edifices in the state. Poor Charlestown suffered a calamity from which it has not yet fully recovered.

Hicks was charged with arson, brought to trial, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. On arriving at the prison he seemed rather sad, and yet no way desponding. The massive walls and strong doors looked rather forbidding, but he was not the man to give up without a trial. Year after year his ever active mind was intensely employed in forming some plan of escape. But this (such is the modern arrangements of prisons, and such the caution of the officers,) is no easy task. At night, the most favorable time for such an attempt, the hall in which the sleeping apartments are situated, is well lighted, and an armed man is always on his feet, and many others within call. The cells are not built against the walls of the building, but in the centre of the hall, so that should a convict dig out, he would find himself still in the prison, alone with an armed man, and if he could overcome him so quickly as to give no alarm, it would require more than three hours (the time allotted to a watch,) for the convict to work his way through stone and iron, into liberty. This is so well known that few are bold enough to attempt an escape. But Hicks could not bow his spirit to patient bondage. In company with some half dozen others he laid a plan for escaping which had well nigh been successful. The plot was a good one, and all the

actors Averc ready to perform their parts severally assigned, but one of their number treacherously revealed the whole matter, and the poor fellows saw enough to convince them that they were suspected and watched; so the planning and hard labor of six months was all lost.

"With the failure of this, his great and ingenious plan, Hicks was quite'disheartened. He gave up all hope of escape, and became quite sad. His native good humor and cheerfulness quite forsook him. He fell into a sour, complaining frame of mind, and from this time was an uncomfortable prisoner. Several instances of disobedience were passed over without summary punishment, and when at last it became absolutely necessary to subdue him, he made a desperate attempt to reach the officer with a knife which he had concealed. Assisted by a convict, the officer succeeded in subduing and securing him, but not until he had broken the back of his hand badly by striking it against an iron instrument with which the convict was trying to secure him. "With this encounter the poor fellow gave up all hope either of escape or resistance, and seemed more than ever broken down in spirit, humbled, but sullen. He, however, always conversed pleasantly with his chaplain, and seemed anxious to please him.

His health now began gradually to decline, and it became quite evident that his constitution was yielding under the pressure of a prison life of nine years, made more unendurable by the ceaseless activity of a mind that could not rest. O, how excellent, coming in at this time, would have been the light and strength of religion.

Now, when all hope of pardon was gone, when health had fled, and not a solitary star of hope appeared to give promise for the future, how would the wretched man have found in the "love of God shed abroad in the heart," the blessedness that never faileth. Could that deathless spirit that had so long "sought rest, and found none," but have returned to "its rest," then had his setting sun, so long and dreadfully obscured by clouds and tempests, shone out clearly at its decline.

These thoughts often passed through the mind of one who felt deeply for his spiritual welfare. The subject of the soul's salvation was often presented and urged. I dare not say with all possible diligence, or faithfulness, or affection, but at least with some frequency and feeling. The poor man, however, though perfectly respectful in his deportment, and evidently capable of appreciating the kindness of a friend, evinced no desire for the great blessing urged upon his attention. With the most perfect composure he saw his flesh and strength decay. Nerving himself for the last trial of his firmness, he waited the approach of death.

But how different from the calm trusting confidence of a dying Christian man. It evidently required great effort to maintain his firmness, and there was no comfort, no hope, no triumph. Just before he died, being alone with him, and feeling an intense desire to say something that might reach his heart, I addressed him very plainly. He saw my deep emotion, and seemed attentive. I said to him, "Hicks, it is an overwhelming thought, that I am now sitting beside a man who will be dead to-morrow; that I now speak to a man to whom I cannot speak to-morrow, that I have now prayed with one who will never pray after this day, that I am alone with one who soon must open his eyes on the changeless scenes of eternity." I paused and looked him full in the face. A single tear started, and stood on his cheek. I waited for a word from him, inwardly praying God to incline his soul to repentance. After a minute's pause he spoke. "Mr.

Smith will you be so kind as to bring me in some bits of paper with which to cover my medicine? "I went out, too sorrowful to weep. His last words were—but no, I will not write them. Young men let this brief history instruct you. O, let not the possession of some good points of character, kindness, benevolence, or any commendable trait, be made your excuse for immorality or irreligion. The evil will grow with your growth, and strengthen with your strength, overshadowing the good which, like a shaded, sickly plant, will struggle for a poor existence, and die out; while plants of noxious quality will grow with rank luxuriance, and bear their deadly fruits. Give diligence to forsake the way of the foolish and live. "Avoid that which is evil—cleave to that which is good." And most of all, go and wash in that fountain for sin and uncleanness opened in the gospel of Jesus. Go, all polluted and perishing; go, and in that fountain, surpassing in its healing virtues infinitely,

"Bethesda's pool, or famed Siloam's flood,"

find moral purity, the foundation of a holy life, a triumphant death, and a fitness for a resurrection to eternal life and heaven.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GIPSEY FAMILY.

THERE lives in the eastern part of New Hampshire, a family rejoicing in the rather unpoetic name of "Leathers." It is said they are the descendants of a Gipsy family who came to that place at an early day, and who for several generations have been in all respects, remarkable for possessing the traits of character peculiar to that strange class of human beings.

Who has not known the "Leatherses? "Who but he "to dumb forgetfulness a prey," will not recollect how they came year after year, "heavily freighted "with brooms and baskets, and with the various articles of produce taken in exchange and intended for "home consumption." Theirs was an interesting portion of our "internal," and even of our coast-wise trade. Their manner of living approached very near to that of primitive simplicity. They have never coveted the costly elegancies of "modern degenerates" The neighbor of this ancient family

"Sees no contiguous palace rear its head To shame the meanness of his humble shed."

In a word, in habitation, furniture, apparel, and all the details of domestic life, they were Gipseys. And let none do them the injustice to suppose that they were useless; for better brooms and baskets were nowhere to be had, "terms easy," and payment in anything eatable, drinkable, wearable, or miscellaneous. But disturbances will take place in the best regulated families. It was the fault of this, that love- of intoxicating liquors was inherent, and as far as means would allow, cultivated. Many a hard earned dollar has gone for very poor New England Rum. Many a well filled jug from the shops of "gentlemen "traders, has made its advent into the unpretending habitations of this family, and many a night has been made hideous to the neighborhood compelled to listen, first to the incipient skirmish, and then to the sound of general action, as the combat thickened. The aggregate of courageous and well sustained conflicts kept up by this family through all its generations, would (for aught I know to the contrary) have been sufficient to take "Sebastapol."

At length, in one of these contests, one of their number, an old man, received from the hand of Eben Leathers, Jr., a blow with a billet of wood, which caused his death in a few hours. Eben, senior, a brother of the murdered man, Eben, Jr., and

Robert, a brother of the last named, were arraigned, tried, and sentenced—alleged crime, murder in the second degree—sentence of Eben, Jr., "twenty, of the other two, fifteen years hard labor in the State Prison." It was sad to see the old man, seventy-four years of age, with his two sons, both having families, enter the prison on a charge of so aggravating a character, and for a term of years that seemed to make it impossible that either of them would go out alive. And now the work of the court is ended; the people of the neighborhood relieved of what they considered a large portion of a great nuisance; and outraged justice likely to obtain redress. But the Chaplain's responsibilities here commence. Can any-thing be done for these poor men? Is there a deathless spirit shut up in those rude habitations of flesh and blood? Is that spirit capable of knowing, loving, and enjoying God? And can it be reached? These were questions of vast importance, for duty was to be determined by the conclusion. The common sentiment was, "you can't do anything with a Leathers, no use to try; can't learn—can't make them understand—not like other folks."

But another voice says, they are God's creatures. "All souls are mine saith the Lord." These, then are some of his treasures that have been buried up; deeply, darkly buried. If not his brightest jewels, they are by him deemed worth saving, and they are thy kindred immortals, sharing the same divine care and oversight; redeemed on the same cross; accessible to the same spiritual influence; candidates for the same heaven. This is sufficient. The path of duty is now plain—now then to the work.

The efforts to teach them to read were nearly fruitless. In respect to the old man there seemed no hope. Robert, after a short trial, gave up. Eben, though he made considerable effort, for years was not able to read so as to be profited. But oral instruction succeeded much better. Great pains were taken to make a few of the most vital truths of religion plain, and to accustom their minds to sober thought. In language they could understand, and by methods of reasoning on a level with their capacity, they were taught their relation and duty to God and man, and the consequences of a virtuous and vicious life.

The aged man often wept when I spoke to him of these things, and expressed much regret that his life had been misspent. He seemed desirous to know and practice better things, and I am informed that since his liberation (which was by 10 pardon) he has shown that the labor bestowed on him was not lost. Robert was very soon after his committal the subject of religious impressions, and his improvement in general knowledge quite encouraging. At length, after some weeks of evident deep conviction, and seasons of earnest prayer, in which the poor fellow often lifted up his voice and wept aloud, he seemed to find his way to the cross.

It was wonderful how clear and intelligent his views of religious truth became. No one could well doubt that he had been with Jesus and learned of him. The love of Christ seemed shed abroad in his heart, and to be the all absorbing theme of his thoughts and conversation.

His conduct was from that time perfectly exemplary, and to the time of his pardon, I never heard a word spoken of Robert that did not justify his profession. His health

slowly declined after a few years' imprisonment, and for a long time he seemed sinking to the grave with pulmonary complaints. During his confinement to the hospital he manifested the utmost reconciliation to the Divine Will. Always obedient, cheerful, and full of holy hope, all connected with the prison were accustomed to say "if there is a Christian among us, it is Robert." In consideration of his excellent character as a prisoner, and his very low state of health, indicating plainly that he could not long maintain his hold on life, especially in prison, he was pardoned, and I rejoice to be able to say that he is reported as maintaining well his religious profession.

Eben Leathers was in some respects quite unlike his brother. He was a man of great muscular strength, but very sluggish, and his intellect inferior to that of Robert. His temper, especially when aroused by intoxication, was terrible. At the times of general conflict spoken of heretofore, Eben always sought the thickest of the fight, and when he fought all fell before him. He seemed skilled in bringing into the encounter every available means of attack or repulse, clubs, stones, brickbats, feet, fists, teeth, were all employed, and all to the best possible advantage. Poor Robert's nasal organ is minus a considerable portion, which it is said his warlike brother bit off, and as if resolved that the family should lose nothing, deliberately chewed and swallowed it. And he gave the fatal blow when his old uncle fell, and for whose killing the three were imprisoned.

The progress of poor Eben was painfully slow. There was no sudden emergence into light, no rapid marches up the hill of science, nobyronic flight,

"Scaling-with case those heights Where angels bashful look."

Still there was progress; plain truths were apprehended, dimly at first, for like the ancient blind man, he saw "men as trees walking." But "labor omnia vincit." It was clear that the thinking machinery was in motion, though that motion was slow and irregular.

He seemed anxious to learn, and especially in respect to religious matters. Great pains were taken to set forth and explain religious truth; and it was wonderful how that glorious system into which "angels desire to look," and which furnishes scope for the most powerful intellect, "condescended" to this "man of low estate." He saw, and began to comprehend its vital points, and his moral feelings were soon affected. His lost condition, his manifold wickedness, his terrible exposure, were beginning to be to him fearful realities, and he was often found in tears—tears of true penitence.

The duty of prayer was of course urged, and as opportunity presented, he seemed to join with great anxiety. On some occasions, not satisfied with the prayer offered for him, or with his own mental sighing after pardon and peace, he prayed aloud. It would not be expected that his language on such an occasion would be captivating to "ears polite," or of the most appropriate character; and yet, in his way, he gave evidence that he had some just views of his true condition and his wants. I well remember that he would often pray on this wise, "O Lord, I sped I've been a driffling critter, a tebble bad man, but du you forgive, du pray forgive; I know Jesus died for me, and for all poor sinners. O, forgive." "And this poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his troubles." O, how much more acceptable to God such a cry, coming up from a penitent and contrite heart, than that "most elegant prayer,

addressed to a most fashionable congregation, by a most learned and accomplished, but unconverted minister.

"Vainly we offer each ample oblation, Vainly with gold would his favor secure; Richer by far is the heart's adoration, Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor."

There was nothing remarkable in the experience of this man, only as its points seemed more excellent in one who had been so debased. That the prophet's great valley was filled with a host of living men, was not remarkable. But the wonder was that countless dry and scattered fragments of the human form should rise up in life and vigor and beauty. And to the moralist, and especially the Christian, there is much of interest in remarking how humanity in its lowest forms, is capable of receiving the life divine. The material is rough, and incapable of a high polish, but may, notwithstanding, receive the Divine Image. And how blessed to trace the image of the heavenly, though roughly sketched, on an immortal spirit. Eben, from this time, was patient, obedient, and evidently possessed of love to God and all around him, and in all respects demeaned himself as a new man; and thus he finished up what remained to him of life, fully trusting to the last in the Lord Jesus.

It is remarkable that this singular family, though fitted in their physical organization for great endurance, and who encountered all the privations, exposures, and excesses of their wandering and intemperate lives, without the least premature decay, should, on their confinement, soon decline, and every possible effort of skill and kindness, fail to restore them. We have before noticed that the father and Robert were pardoned, as their only chance for life.

Eben, being more guilty in the affair, was retained, and sunk gradually away and died. He retained his reason to the last, seemed perfectly conscious that his hour was come, and to the end maintained a childlike and unshaken confidence in the great Redeemer.

Thus, while the "wise and prudent," fail through pride or obstinacy, to find the way that leadeth unto life, "the wayfaring man," of feeble intellect, but of honest heart and purpose, "shall not err therein."

CHAPTER X.

THE RAILROAD ROBBER.

"THE way of the transgressor is hard." This is seldom more clearly seen than in the history of J. S. He was born in Sullivan county, New Hampshire, and had opportunity to acquire the common branches of an English education, such as has sufficed to make intelligent and enterprising men of many thousands of the citizens of our state. Both in physical and intellectual endowments he was not at all deficient, and withal, he was possessed of a good mechanical genius.

But from early life he manifested a strong propensity to dishonesty, and, as is almost always the case with such, to lying. Had these propensities been early checked and overcome, I know not why J. might not to-day have been the owner of a pleasant home, surrounded by a beloved family and respected and esteemed by all. He might have spent this hour in grateful recollection of a life crowned with blessing from God, and full of usefulness to others. Perhaps he might at this moment have been seen surrounded by a respectable household just opening the holy book of God, and saying: "Come let us bow down and worship, let us kneel before the Lord our

Maker." Or had it pleased God to remove him into eternity, his name might have been as precious ointment, and in some place where sleep the honored dead, there would have been (we may suppose) a monument inscribed "To the memory of J. S., an honest man, a valuable citizen, an indulgent husband, and a kind father. The memory of the just is blessed." And the soul might have stood among the great company of the Redeemed who are "forever with the Lord." But sin, the destroyer, has wrought out and completed its work with him. All that he might have been of a desirable character; all to which he might have attained; all, all is lost. The poor wreck of a manly form lies low in a felon's grave, unhonored and unwept. His memory like his dust must perish. No sweet recollections of his life can rise to bless the heart of the living. All, all to the gloomy grave is sad and revolting. And then, the soul— Oh, the soul!

Young man, for your sake, principally, I sketch this man's history, I would set it up before you as a solemn warning. Come then, read on, and see what were the fearful and fatal results of yielding to a vicious propensity. You will perhaps under some favoring circumstance experience the rising desire for something not your own, and be tempted to make it yours by dishonest means. Just then (it may be, having read this book,) you may think of J. S., and banish the unholy thought of committing a sin which would have been the first step to an end like his.

At a very early age S., as was before intimated, manifested a disposition to dishonesty. He soon became troublesome by his petty larcenies; and these became more frequent, and soon extended to more valuable articles. For a long time the inhabitants of the town bore with his depredations, loth to resort to the dreadful alternative of imprisonment, to which, however, they were finally driven.

He at an early age was condemned to seven years' hard labor in the state prison. The imprisonment of those years was of a much more severe character than of later times, as will elsewhere be shown. "We do not propose to follow him through the long years of his confinement, every one of which a thousand times furnished to the poor fellow proof of the truthfulness of the divine saying, "The way of the transgressor is hard." At last came the day of deliverance, and the bright sunshine and the smiting earth seemed to welcome the young man as he came forth from the dreariness of his prison to taste the sweets of liberty. He returned to his native place and was received by the inhabitants of that very respectable town with kindness. He commenced working at his trade, that of shoemaking, and for a short time hopes were entertained that he was truly a reformed man. He professed to have experienced the great blessing of religious regeneration, and became a member of the Baptist Church. But all these fondly cherished hopes of the friends of this man were soon shaken, and he left the place. He was soon believed to be the perpetrator of several thefts in several places, and fled to escape from justice. Long time was he a fugitive and vagabond in the land. By day, secreted in some lonely wood like a hunted beast of prey; by night, strolling around to obtain something on which to subsist, or to find some one of his old comrades in crime whom he might trust. Thus suffering from cold and hunger, and fear of detection, months passed away and he eluded his pursuers. On one occasion he was betrayed by one whom he thought his friend, (his own wife, as he told me,) and when crossing a bridge over the Connecticut river found himself confronted as he approached the Vermont shore by the officers of justice; turning back he met another

posse from New Hampshire. Having no other possible chance for escape, he thought for a moment, on the one that was truly his "forlorn hope. 1 The bridge was, probably, forty feet above the river, the current rapid, and filled with floating ice, and his chance of escape with life very small.

With a courage, which in a good man would have won for him the reputation of a hero, he made the desperate leap. The officers saw it, and heard the reckless man plunge in the boiling, eddying water far below. Amazed and horror struck they walked away without the slightest thought that the poor thief would ever trouble the world farther. Great was their astonishment to learn days afterward, that he had risen to the surface, avoided the masses of floating ice and the rapids, and far down the river made his way to the shore, and to some hiding place, from whence he might emerge and prey again on the community.

The fellow, however, was at last arrested and brought to trial, and sentenced to another seven years imprisonment. He was rather an obedient and peaceful prisoner, and an excellent workman. After his second term was mostly suffered out, some few who pitied him made some efforts to procure him a pardon, but without success. He became very restless, and longed for liberty, much as he abused it. He became afflicted with soreness of eyes, increasing until it was feared total blindness would be the result. This was undoubtedly the effect of the application of some poisonous substance, applied for the purpose of inducing the Executive to pardon him, he being useless and expensive, confined as he was to the hospital. This was not so apparent at the time, and many became urgent for his release, which was at length granted. For some time he lived on the liberality of benevolent people, slowly recovering his sight, but much more quickly resuming his old practices. While yet he could hardly distinguish one object from, another, he purloined several articles from his best friends, and most liberal benefactors. These good men let the matter pass, for in the kindness of their heart, they were loth to shut the miserable man up again. As soon as he had well recovered, he commenced working by himself, on stock brought from abroad, returning the shoes when made. Soon he married and appeared disposed to live quite retired. He was quite industrious, and earned sufficient to have well supported him without reckoning his ill-gotten gain.

Thus two or three years passed on. He was often suspected of theft, but as he seemed inclined to keep at home and labor diligently, he was not 11 arrested on any of these suspicions. At length various articles of property were missing from the railroad trains, as well as from shops and other places in the city. The company were called upon to meet losses to a great amount, and the matter seemed to grow worse and worse. The vigilance of sheriffs and police officers were baffled week after week, until circumstances very unequivocal, pointed to our quondam parishioner, who, after all the good preaching to which he had listened, was so imprudent as to fall under strong suspicions of dishonesty. He was arrested, and his house and its appendages examined, and lo! what plenty of good things were found there. He had laid up provisions of all kinds for the supply of his family, and, perhaps a surplus for sale. That he might not be idle, and so expose himself to temptation to dishonesty, he had laid in a fine stock of leather of good quality, and prepared himself to "supply on short notice, and on easy terms an excellent assortment of boots and shoes," and that

he might "drive a smart business on a small capital," he "borrowed" sundry boxes of "ready made."

The officers found it much harder to find the merchant than the merchandise. But officer Lowell Eastman was not the man to be baffled by

THE RAILROAD ROBBER. 123 even this prince of shrewd ones, and he at length had him forthcoming before "His Honor." He was tried and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. Within a few weeks he made an attempt to escape from prison, which was most ingeniously planned, and in a masterly manner executed with great success. For a considerable time he wandered in woods and by-places. The weather being quite cold, his feet were not only horribly cut and mangled, but terribly frozen, and his whole condition such as would excite the pity of any one toward even such an unprincipled and abandoned man as he was known to be. Yet even now he manifested great skill in evading justice, but in vain, for his old friend Eastman was on his track and at length brought him "home again"

The miserable man now finding no hope of escape, became dejected and sullen. It was a most sickening sight to look upon his wasted form, so changed by the exposures and privations of his few past weeks, that they who had known him most intimately before, would now hardly recognize him. He seemed disinclined to converse much, and especially on the subject of religion. Indeed, for several years he professed no regard for religion, but on all occasions manifested, if not rather contempt, at least an entire disrelish for it. It was plain that sin had destroyed his moral sense, and had wholly unfitted him for esteeming the things "lovely and of good report." He did not deny his guilt, but yet seemed to have no feelings of regret or shame.

Finding him inclined to suicide, I strove to change his purpose, by remarking that perhaps yet God might have some blessings in store for him, if he would cultivate penitence and turn to the Lord with full purpose of heart. "I should think he ought to have by this time," was the reply, indicating the entire want of gratitude for past blessings, and an entire lack of consciousness of his own multiplied and aggravating transgressions that had so often been repeated and re-repeated. He had twice attempted self-destruction, but was prevented. He at length made a third effort which well nigh succeeded. Passing one Sabbath my usual round from cell to cell, to hold conversation with the convicts and to exchange their books, I found him hanging by the neck, suspended by a strip of leather tied to a nail in the wall of his cell. By a spasmodic jerk of his arm and a gurgling sound, I saw that he was not yet dead, and alarmed the guard. A considerable delay in procuring the key of his door, in which, seconds seemed minutes to me, gave me fearful apprehensions that we should be too late. At length the door flew open, and we had him on his couch in an instant. After terrible struggles and suffering, he recovered. Miserable and worthless as was the poor fellow, and slight as was the hope of moral improvement, I felt sensations such as I pray God I may not be called to feel again. There was a fellow being, a man possessed of an immortal nature, rashly rushing into the presence of a just and holy God, unbidden and unprepared, madly seeking to fly from the sufferings of time, and thus to go, he knew not where, and to be, he knew not what. After a few months he seemed in better health and spirits, but suddenly, and after but a half hour's awful distress, died.

It appeared that he had been in the habit of swallowing poisonous substances, such as pieces of plastering taken from the walls of his cell, and his object was unquestionably to bring on a bad state of health, with the hope of pardon. But the result was different from what he expected, and his death sudden.

Now let the youthful reader review the whole story, and judge whether even in this life, "the way of the transgressor is not hard." How few have suffered so much in the cause of liberty or of patriotism as did this man in his unworthy career. 11

How few for the sake of Jesus, and to obtain a "better resurrection," have endured so much. It is a terrible thing to be "led" captive by the devil at his will." Hard, cruel, and oppressive are his exactions. What a vast aggregate of suffering did poor S. endure. "Wandering in the wilderness and on the mountains by day; creeping forth stealthily by night, alarmed by every quivering leaf or sudden flaw of wind, or cry of bird or beast; startled in his dreams a thousand times, by the imagined hand of an officer; and more than all, a God omniscient, looking with fearful displeasure upon him, and an inward torment like a scorpion's sting, rankling in his soul. All this when at large, and then the scorn of community, the loss of reputation, (more to be prized than life itself,) and then the sufferings of prison life for so many long years, and all this for no valuable consideration.

To toil for another for no compensation is hard, but what slavery is like that of sin. Through what a painful journey he travelled to reach a dishonorable grave. The honest citizen looks on that spot with a look that seems to say "It is a cursed soil," gather not my bones where they may mingle with his, lay me any where else but there. The devout man as he looks on that hillock is sad, and men- tally exclaims: O, the great day of dread decision and despair!

All connected with such a life is revolting, all connected with its end terrible, for
"Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die."

"There is a death, whose pang

Outlasts the fleeting breath; O, what eternal horror hangs Around the second death."

CHAPTER XI.

THE PENITENT MURDERER.

IT is frequently remarked that the practice of many in giving publicity to accounts of murders, and murder trials, and especially the dying addresses of men executed for that horrible crime, is pernicious; especially is this objected to where the criminal is encouraged to assume the place of a moral or religious teacher on the scaffold, and as though he were a martyr rather than a terrible transgressor, inform the multitude that he forgives all men, and dies without malice toward any, and then closes with a religious exhortation.

Now that there are grounds for these complaints I admit; such men should be regarded with pity, and should have all possible instruction and assistance in aiding them to repent, if perhaps God may grant them forgiveness. But they should know and feel the greatness of their guilt, and no sympathy should be so misdirected as to abate their sense of their own vileness.

And when religious hopes are at length enter-

THE PENITENT MURDERER. 129 tained, and religious feelings obtain the ascendancy, they should be cautiously and very modestly expressed. Alas, for the poor

doomed wretch when he imagines himself the "lion of the day," as is sometimes said; and when, in place of deep self-aborrence and loathing; his vanity is excited by the publication of his prison sayings, and his expectation that his affecting farewell address, delivered on the gallows, will read well in the papers of the day. And I am aware that when the criminal is dead, and can no longer be affected by any transaction on earth, that the living may be so taught as to form a sort of morbid sympathy for such offenders, inducing one to look on crime without that abhorrence which every one should cultivate, and which is perfectly consistent with the most tender and Christian regard for the poor transgressor.

In what I may say of Ferguson, or of any other criminal, I hope I may not be understood as entertaining a weakened sense of the vileness of such men. A long and intimate acquaintance with this class of our sinful race has, I trust, not at all abated my detestation of crime. And why should it? Have I not seen it in all its hideous deformity? have I not witnessed its desolating course through the scathed and blasted community over which I 130 PRISON REMINISCENCES.

have watched these many years? Have I not had ample opportunities to observe and learn its disastrous and crushing effects on thousands of innocent hearts, bound by strongest ties to the transgressor? I know that under certain circumstances, a familiarity with crime decreases our detestation of it. But this is true, also, in like circumstances of familiarity with human sufferings. He who familiarizes himself with scenes of suffering, without actively interesting himself to remove, or relieve it, will harden his heart; and whoever becomes familiar with scenes of sin and guilt, must, for self-protection, as well as from a sense of duty to others, interest himself actively on the part of virtue and purity.

In like manner I would write of criminals, not by any means to excuse or extenuate, but to move the heart to pity and the hand to bless the erring one. The cases of evident reform should be known, that good men may be encouraged to labor on in hope, and to pray with increased faith and fervor for the salvation of the guilty. How do such instances of divine interposition justify and illustrate the blessed declaration, "As I live saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live."

Bradbury Ferguson was a native of Sandwich, N. H., and belonged to a family that had for several successive generations been cursed with a love of rum. Like thousands of others, they were laborious and faithful men, and when sober not at all inclined to vice. But the fiery deluge had passed through at least three generations, blasting the happiness of each family circle, and leaving in its course all its accustomed attendant evils.

No wonder then, that one born and reared thus, became from his youth a drunkard. It could not well be otherwise. In addition to a hereditary love for alcohol, to be nursed in infancy, to be quieted to sleep supperless by a dram, to be trained to look to it as a "panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to," such instructions and such propensity combining, must, unless a miracle interpose, make a drunkard. And then there was the public sentiment, almost universally prevalent and practically adopted that stimulating or intoxicating drinks were necessary to help the poor laboring man in his toils and hardships, and that with multitudes it was reckoned as "lodging, meat,

and drink, 11 and the life and soul of all pastimes and festivities; all this seemed to fix the unhappy man in his inebriation almost beyond the hope, and quite beyond the probability of reform.

The history of the family would be heart-rending, though not at all singular in the annals of drunkenness. Ferguson was, when intoxicated, one of the violent and quarrelsome class, 'there are some who make very stupid and sleepy drunkards, perfectly harmless, and incapable of either good or bad. Another class become extremely active and entertaining. One will hold forth with great vehemence, if not eloquence, on themes theological, political, literary, or mixed; it being the natural working of their potations. Who of us have not been amused in our young days, with such outbursts of patriotism from some drunken orator, inspired for the occasion, clinging to the sign-post as if remembering, " united we stand, divided we fall; " with what wonderful energy did he assure us of his determination to " defend our liberties, or perish in the last ditch." Ah, he was a man of spirit, and we were assured that with him, and his like, the country was quite safe. Then there is another class who are made extremely polite and kind, but excessively sickening and silly. Now in whichever of these classes a husband, or a brother, or a son is found, it is sufficiently afflicting and mortifying to the family. But worse the affliction of that circle which embraces a drunkard of the stamp of Ferguson. The very demon of rage seemed to dwell in him and control him, and no threats could intimidate, no persuasion change, no kindness conquer. The early history of Ferguson need not be written. In all our towns, forty years since, there were many of that " same sort." " Good-hearted boy if he wouldnt drink too much." "Good fellow to work," "kind hearted," "ready to help always." These were the sayings of the people of the neighborhood, and they were true. He acquired a trade, and was a good workman, earning enough to have made himself and a family comfortable, but spending it mostly in drink.

His known habits of intemperance did not prevent his marrying a very respectable young woman j and had intoxication been then abandoned, his family would no doubt have been happy and prosperous. Mrs. Ferguson was a good wife, and a good mother. Ferguson, also, when sober, was kind, attentive, and affectionate; and they, unquestionably, but for the demon intemperance, would have been in prosperous circumstances.

All the blessings of a home where true affection presides, and where humanity approaches nearest the blessings of the heavenly state, could have been theirs, and poor Ferguson might have closed a well spent life in the honorable approval of God 12 and man, and his memory have been cherished through following generations.

Year after year rolled on, bringing its seasons of hope sometimes, but more often of despondency, to the poor wife. Her children were growing up around her, and while their welfare sadly burdened her heart, they were still a great comfort to her. But the days of evil were many. Oh, how did she look with dread to the approach of every public day. The military muster, the annual town meeting, the fourth of July, and all like occasions were dreaded like the day of death, or of judgment by the guilty.

Well did she know what she must suffer. Painful experience had taught her what would be her portion for those days of merriment and relaxation. O, how faint must be our conceptions of the sufferings of such a wife and mother. No language can

adequately describe it. No imagination reach the reality. If ever the good man's indignation is too strong for his religious principle; if ever he finds it hard to keep the divine injunction, "Bless and curse not;" if ever he reluctantly yields to that divine saying, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord;" it is when he sees beings in the human form, for a bit of silver, put to the drunkard's lips the maddening cup, knowing that its contents will certainly transform that kind hearted husband and father to a fiend, and that his return to his family will be as when a band of savages rush in to torture and torment the helpless.

Hark! that scream of agony, that half stifled cry of suffering innocence, that piteous appeal of young voices for help for themselves and their struggling, bleeding mother. Listen, thou man of iron heart and bloody hands, to the hoarse voice of him thou hast turned loose upon them. O, how his oaths and curses join in with the shrieks of his victims, to make dreadful music for thy soul. See, they fly, bleeding, and with torn garments, as haply they escape from the giant grasp of the madman. They fly to seek a shelter with some kind neighbor, or perhaps in some lone field or forest.

Come let us go in. Nay, do not plead another engagement, or talk of attending to your own business. This is your own work—come along then and see how it prospers. Courage, man, don't tremble, "The righteous are bold as a lion." Walk in. Oh, horrible! look around. Here are the scattered fragments of table, chairs, crockery, and apparel—in that corner skulks a half-clad child, hardly daring to breathe freely—there another is crawling forth, encouraged by the sound of approaching footsteps, to hope for rescue.

There is the wife, the mother. Deep, and dreadful are the wounds the wretched man has inflicted on her delicate frame; deeper, and more dreadful those inflicted on her heart.

She raises her meek eyes to heaven in gratitude that help has come. God, help thee woman! She turns her eyes, swollen with grief and blows, to where her wretched husband lies. O; what a look, "more in sorrow than in anger." No vengeance speaks in that eye, no curses break from those lips, no revenge nerves that arm. How is this? O, why do we hear her whisper, "pity him." The spirit of him who prayed for his murderers, "Father forgive" has settled over her soul, and possesses it. But stand a little back. It were better that she should not look upon your face. In pity to her, stand aside. It might prove a trial too severe for even her meek and patient spirit. And in pity to yourself, too, man of guilt; for to meet the eye of that woman would, next to the eye of her avenging God, be terrible.

Now then go back and enjoy the hard earned quarter taken from that man. None can say you gave him nothing in return. O no! That you paid him well there can be no doubt, "it was wholly his fault that he became intoxicated, miserable fellow." O, thou child of the devil, thou but "the

Lord rebuke thee." I will not utter the burning thoughts that agitate me. Vengeance will overtake thee at last; justice has a terrible reckoning to make with thee, and though her claims may be long deferred, yet know, they will at length be presented, and urged, and exacted. Then how canst thou hope for mercy, rendering none. Go, now, and sleep quietly if thou canst; go, and dream of angels and ministering spirits, if such communings are congenial. But no, I will not mock thee, but dismiss thee with the expression of a feeble hope that yet grace may come to thee, "the chief of sinners."

The closing act in this sad tragedy now comes on. Ferguson attended a military muster in a neighboring town, and, as usual, came home drunk. He was soon raving in all the horrors of delirium tremens. His poor wife tried in vain to compose his mind. The prevailing impression on his mind seemed to be that his wife was the devil, and had come to carry him to his own place. He loaded his gun, charged it with shot, and placed himself in an attitude of defence. As the poor woman in her kindness, sought to restrain him, and not knowing but one of her children might be the victim, he discharged the contents of the musket into her body.

The wound did not produce instant death, and she begged him to lay her on the bed. He took her up gently from the floor on which she had fallen, and carefully laid her on the bed. His consciousness (as he often related the story to me,) now gradually returned. He stood and looked awhile upon the sufferer, and the terrified children, who were weeping around their dying mother; and then came the thought of guilt and danger. He fled, and after a few hours of agony, death released her from her earthly sufferings, and she closed her eyes on what had been to her, at least, "a vale of tears."

In a secluded spot in the forest, the wretched man, now, in part conscious of what had taken place, concealed himself. Imagine, if you can, his feelings. They were not those of a malicious, cold, deliberate murderer. There was no fiendish satisfaction, like that of one who had accomplished a purpose on which his demon heart had been set. Far from that. In his sober hours he loved his wife, the mother of his children. And now reason had been so far restored as to give some dreadful intimation of what had been done. He has several times given me a relation of the occurrences of that fatal night; as there are some parts of his narrative that are quite singular, I will endeavor to relate them as he gave them to me.

The night was very dark, and as, after-gaining his hiding place, he endeavored to keep perfectly still, lest he should be detected, all was silent as the abode of the dead. The silence at length became painfully oppressive, and his feelings more and more intense as the fatal transactions of the evening seemed more and more to grow from indistinctness into an awful reality. It was as if some horrible picture had hung before him, on which were images imperfect and dim, yet of an alarming aspect, and as he looked at them, these images became more and more life-like, and with every passing moment, sending a new thrill of horror and anguish through his soul. He strove to turn away his eyes, but had no power to do so—all at length was plain—the whole picture was finished. All his past life seemed to pass in living lines of fire before him, and especially that part of it with which his wife was associated; the wife of his early love, whose fond, faithful heart had always been true to him, and whose dying eye looked up from her bloody couch with pity and forgiveness. The scene seemed to chill the very fountains of life, and horrible despair seemed for a time to possess him. At length he imagined he heard in the distance the sound of a human voice. He listened, and could distinguish music soft and sweet. It seemed far off, but approaching. By degrees the sound became more familiar, until he could plainly distinguish the voice of his wife. She sung as when living, only a thousand times more sweetly, an air which had been a favorite with them both. Her voice was soft and plaintive, and as she came nearer and nearer, he could distinctly hear every note, and mark her approach, until at length she seemed, judging from her voice, close to him. With a strong effort he opened his

eyes and looked up. There she stood bending over him, so near he could almost have reached her. He did not think it a corporeal substance. It was a dim and shadowy form, resembling most perfectly his wife. She ceased to sing, and stood bending over him, and for a minute or two, looking him full in his face, with a look beyond all description pitying and forgiving.

Then turning slowly away she sang again, louder and more cheerful, the sound ringing out in the stillness of the night, through the wilderness far around. He heard the sound die away in the distance until he could only distinguish it faintly, as when he heard it at the first. The visit was twice repeated during the night, she coming and singing, and passing off each time as at the first; only at the last her look seemed more expressive of sympathy and kindness, and her music more strong and enchanting. I asked him many questions, suggested some doubts, and proposed some explanations, but I found the whole a reality with him and I think he had not one lingering doubt that all was real. At all events, the effect wrought on his mind was wonderful. In the first place his despair gave way to hope, "my wife forgives me, she pities me, and comes to me with sweet songs and looks of kindness." He heard with less dread the approaching footsteps of his pursuers, he felt a strange confidence in all his gloomy weeks of jail imprisonment. The scenes of the court room, and all the details of his trial as a murderer, were attended with the recollection of that forgiving spirit; and with the roar of cursing and reproach from the infuriated multitude, there was always mingling in his imagination the soothing strains of that night's music. And when, to the awful question proposed by the clerk, the foreman of the jury answered guilty—and when his sentence, "imprisonment for life," was pronounced, he was not dismayed—still he thought of that wonderful appearance, accepting it as proof that he still had grounds of hope, at least that there was one blessed one in heaven who loved him. Nor could the combined efforts of legions of infidels make

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Bradbury Ferguson doubt the reality of the existence of spirits in a state separate from the body. He seemed to think it an insult to him if his narrative was doubted. "Do you think I am a fool? don't I know my own wife? don't I know her singing? and could I look into her eyes for minutes, so near that I could reach her, and yet be mistaken? And who else but my wife would come, to comfort me and sing to me?"

And I found that from that night he had prayed to God daily, for mercy and grace, being encouraged to do so by what he thought he saw and heard. He evidently, afterward, saw that there had been a sort of trust in the supposed intercession of his wife, not according to the plan of salvation; but to his dying hour, I do not think he had a solitary doubt of the reality of what he then related. And as I saw no harm likely to result from his continuing in this belief, I suggested no doubt for years before he died.

I leave the reader to his own opinion regarding this matter. I will, however, say, that were I a believer in modern "spiritualism," I should insist on this, as one of the best instances of spiritual intercourse with the living. It is the only instance of a spiritual visit of a useful character, of which I have read or heard of late. Spirits waked from the "vasty deep" come among us for no good purpose whatever. None are profited by their communications, except the leaders of the "entertainment." For their pecuniary profit we are asked to believe that the spirits of Wesley and Edwards come forth to

deny the religion they taught, and the faith in which they triumphed at the last. That Franklin and Webster are present, to "play fantastic tricks" like clowns in a circus, and that John Bunyan, a tavern keeper in the "spirit world," is making some progress round the "everlasting circle," though rather outstripped by his "boarders" "Tom Paine and Ethan Allen."

And here the profit ends j we poor unbelievers being only treated to pranks that make the blood chill, and our hair to stand on end like the fretted porcupine. Of this, however, we are fully convinced: if these are the antics of inhabitants of the other world, there is vastly more need of reform there than here. I would respectfully suggest to the pure minded and benevolent leaders in this great "reformatory movement," the establishment there of a school of manners, and that none but graduates should hereafter be "called up." Also, an asylum for idiots and insane; and, as many of the spirits act marvellously like drunken men, a good "prohibitory liquor law" might be of essential service.

How much more reasonable the account Ferguson, a plain and unlearned man, gives of the supposed visit of his wife, than any of the narrations of even learned judges or apostate ministers. She came with a dignity befitting an inhabitant of eternity, with pity and kindness, such as pure spirits delight in, with songs such as are heard in paradise, on an errand worthy of a glorified intelligence, and to perform a work no living person had the courage or the heart to undertake. Indeed all the circumstances of the case would almost justify the thought that infinite goodness did on that occasion "send one from the dead."

The general opinion will be, undoubtedly, that all this was but the operation of a delirious mind, and in this view even we see cause of gratitude to God, on behalf of the poor wretch. How merciful to control and give his delirium that direction that should save the sinner from utter despair, and lead his mind toward heaven, and through long years operate as a charm to draw the soul upward, and to fix it in the firm belief of great religious truth.

Whatever may be the opinion of the reader, therefore, as to the matter, I trust none will think I have related it as a mere ghost story to gratify curiosity, or to amuse the children. I can see, I think, something of the compassion of our heavenly Father towards a miserable man, overruling (on the supposition of delirium) the madness consequent on his guilty course, for the moral improvement and better preparation for more direct religious instruction.

When, in 1846, I entered on the duties of the chaplaincy, I found Ferguson an orderly, well-behaved prisoner. He loved books, and soon became quite celebrated for his historical knowledge. But his principal delight was in mathematical studies. He went through and through all the arithmetics I could procure for him, and like another Alexander, sighed for more worlds to conquer. He was also a good Sabbath school scholar, and manifested not only a good degree of biblical knowledge, but also much readiness and skill in defending the doctrines of the holy scriptures.

I recollect, how, on one occasion, he gave his sanction to my remarks in a manner that gave indication of this, and much amused the convicts. A man who had been in several of our state penitentiaries and spent some thirty years of his life in them, was rather disposed to cavil at some remarks made as to the purity of Christian morals. The

prisoners were all present, and as great liberty was allowed them in those days, any one might suggest 13 doubts or make inquiries, provided it were done in a respectful manner.

I spoke of the beautiful morality of Jesus, and all seemed to assent. The old man H., however, was not pleased. He was a well educated and extremely polite man, and his hatred of religion never burst out in floods of profanity or vulgar abuse, but rather at times "leaked out" in some insinuation or significant question.

At this time the question proposed was, whether "I had ever seen one, who according to Christ's teaching, was the practical Christian." I assured him I had seen hundreds of such, old and young, rich and poor, sick and well, living and dying, beautiful examples of a living Christianity. In defense of our holy Christianity, I became quite animated, and should have been eloquent, but for one defect, the lack of the requisite qualities.

But H. still held out, alledging he "had not found such, though an old man." I replied it made some difference where a man had spent his life, and with whom he had associated. I paused here knowing that H., being a shrewd man, would in his own mind finish the argument and make the appli-ation, which, not wishing to be too severe, I chose he should do. But Ferguson in a moment, with most provoking plainness, and yet with great good humor, took up and finished both. "That's a fact, parson Smith," said he, "that's a fact, and it can't be expected that H. and I, whose lives have been spent either in prison, or in getting fitted for it, should have found many beautiful specimens of Christianity." H. was pretty essentially confused, and I never heard that question started again by him or any other of those there present. This, though fitted to the latitude and longitude of a state prison, may answer without sensible variation for other localities.

In the winter of 1850, Ferguson, who, (as we have before remarked,) had been in the daily habit of prayer, began more earnestly to desire and seek an evidence of hia acceptance and peace with God. His conversation was principally directed to this point, and his prayers became fervent petitions at the throne of grace. He at length rather gradually found peace in believing, and his mind settled into a calm composure and confidence. From that time until his death, (nearly three years,) no one I think who knew him doubted his sincerity, or the genuineness of the work of God on his heart. He gave no trouble to any one. His health began to decline, and for months he slowly wasted away until

"The weary wheels of life at last stood still."

His confidence in a sin-forgiving God was more and more intelligent and firm. He to the last retained his love for his children, and often wept when he spoke of his wickedness, having destroyed his usefulness as a father. He often expressed deep sorrow for his course of intemperance, which had brought such fearful calamities upon his family. As he grew weaker he still retained his reason, and to the last hour calmly trusted in, and loved the Saviour, whose infinite mercy had been extended to one so guilty and debased. His dying countenance as well as his dying words, assured us that there was passing from us a "sinnner saved by grace." Thus lived and died, one, who, but for intemperance, that destroyer of millions, might have been living in the midst of a happy family, and as an honorable and useful member of the community.

He fell where thousands of our best intellects have been blighted and destroyed. A terrible retribution awaits some, whom God will recognize as participants in his crime; not only the man who furnished the last dram, under the influence of which, he murdered his wife, and completed his own degradation, but those who trained him up to drunkenness by ministering to his appetite.

May all those as truly repent, and find as full and free forgiveness, and as abundant mercy at the last, as did the poor victim of their unhallowed traffic. In looking over this narrative, one is compelled to exclaim, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him!" O, what in all the intelligent creation so loathsome and so abhorrent to a virtuous mind as a man enslaved to appetite or passion, "led captive by the devil at his will," and proof against all the remonstrances of reason and of grace. To call such an one a brute, would be injustice to the animal. The term used by Whitfield, "half beast and half devil," is hardly too strong; and yet, curse him not whom God seeks to bless. The Deity in heaven stoops to help him, and asks you to cooperate with Him in saving the wretch from death. Oh, lover of God and suffering hu manity,.

"Join bands with God to make the poor man live."

CHAPTER XII.

MARTIN SCHLEGEL.

IN November, 1850, a young man eighteen years of age was committed to our State Prison, under the name of Martin Schlegel. He was found guilty of stealing a horse and carriage. Omitting many stories, that, if believed, would make him famous in the annals of crime, but of which no tangible proofs exist, I will state of him only what I know to be true.

He came to Manchester, N. H., and presented letters of recommendation and introduction from several eminent clergymen in the West and South, setting forth that he was a licentiate in the ministry of the Calvinist Baptist Church, and an agent for raising money for the building of a German Baptist Church in the vicinity of New Orleans. He preached on the Sabbath in that city, and also in Milford, N. H., a few days after, and at both places with much ability. In Manchester he hired a horse and carriage, and after some days pawned them to a man in Boston, as security for a sum of money paid him, promising to call at a given time and redeem them. In the mean time the owner suspected him of dishonesty, followed and arrested him; and he was brought to trial. The evidence of intentional theft was slight, and the presiding judge remarked to me that he thought it hardly justified the verdict, on which he was sentenced to five years' hard labor in the State prison.

In person, Schlegel, (as he called himself,) was decidedly a good-looking German; in conversation remarkably fluent and engaging, and in manners very easy and polite; furnishing proof most conclusive, on but a short acquaintance, of having associated in highly refined and aristocratic circles. He conformed, however, with great alacrity and good nature, to his lowly and degraded position. Still, to the sagacious eye, it was evident that he felt most deeply the transition from a high rank to the condition of a degraded convict.

But he put on no airs of superiority, claimed no exemption from the fare or work of a common felon; and though by no means swift in acquiring his trade, (that of a shoe maker,) or remarkably profitable in working at it, yet he seemed disposed to

do all he could. Towards the close of his term he was transferred to the cooking department. I soon found him possessed of extraordinary Intel-lect, and (for one so young) a great amount of general knowledge. His acquaintance with the English language was quite imperfect, but he made in this, as in everything else pertaining to books, rapid progress; and at the time of his leaving us, could speak and write our language correctly and fluently.

I procured for him text-books of the Spanish and Italian languages, of which he had some knowledge, and which he studied with much apparent success. He also gave great attention to the theological works of American and English authors; and seemed to appreciate the superior character of the religion they taught, over the semi-infidelity of German theologians.

He was a fine writer, and furnished some articles of much merit. I have some specimens of his poetic talent, which I consider quite good; especially when his age (he was but twenty) and his slight knowledge of the English language are taken into the account. And I find that after his liberation from prison, the same estimate was put upon his talent for both prose and poetry, and also for public lectures, as appeared from notes in newspapers where he had resided. I will here introduce some lines composed by him in a time of ill health. They were beautifully written out on a page of brown paper taken from the cover of one of his books. I copy from it as it now lies before me. I will also add another written in his cell, into which the moon shines beautifully, on its first rising.

SOBROW SANCTIFIED.

1. My spirits droop with sadness now, Yet would I with submission bow, My heavenly Father, to thy will.

I would not breathe a single thought With unbelief or murmur fraught, But suffering, own and love thee still 2. And yet, there is a pensive air Steals o'er me ere I am aware, And clasps me in its soft control; A mildly melancholy mood

Of sickness, and of solitude, Sad, and subduing to the soul.

3. At times I wipe the stealing tear, And think, my Father, thou art here, And I am thine, forever thine.

Should blow succeed to chastening blow, Thou art the very same, I know, And future blessings dost design.

4. Whence, then, this sadness that I feel? Why do these tears unbidden steal? And whence this deeply mournful mood? Still must I weep? then vanish pride, And let this grief be sanctified,

And gush in holy gratitude.

6. Breathe, Holy Spirit, on ray pain, And I will weep o'er Jesus slain, Drench'd in his bursting blood for me, When in that dreary period Of insult, agony, and blood, He languished on the fatal tree.

6. He was no servant once; as God, He saw me from his high abode,

Deep sunk in sin, and guilt, and shamo: Compassion kindled with that look, For me, a servant's form he took, And down to earth, to save me, came.

7. O, it might gush an angel's tear, To see the "man of sorrows," dear, Rejected and despised of men; For angels knew how rich, before, He was; what poverty he bore,

To bring us back to God again.

8. Melt thou, my soul, 'twas for thy guilt Jesus' atoning blood was spilt.

He could not sink in suffering lower: Oh, if thou hast one spark of love For him who left his throne above, Go, weeping, go, " and sin no more."

MOONLIGHT.

1. Gentle moon— a captive calls;

Gentle moon— awake, arise; Gild the prison's sullen walls, Quench the tears that drown his eyes.

2. Throw thy veil of clouds aside,

Let those smiles that light the pole, Through the liquid ether glide, Glide into the mourner's soul.

3. Cheer his melancholy mind,

Soothe his sorrows, heal his smart; Let thine influence, pure, refined, Cool the fever of his heart.

4. Say, fair shepherdess of night,

Who thy starry flock doth lead To the rills of living light, On the blue etherial mead,

6. At this moment, dost thou see,

From thy elevated sphere, One kind friend who thinks of me? Thinks, and drops a silent tear?

6. On a brilliant beam convey

This soft whisper to his breast,

" Wipe that generous tear away,

" He for whom it falls is blest; 7. " Blest with freedom unconfin'd.

" Dungeons cannot hold the soul;

" Who can chain the immortal mind?

" None but he who spans the pole.

8. " Fancy, too, the nimble fairy,"

With her subtle, magic spell, In romantic visions airy,

Steals the captive from his cell.

9. On her moonlight pinions borne,

Far he flics from grief and pain, Never, never, to be torn From his home and friends again.

For nearly two years he made no disclosure respecting his parentage or rank in society, otherwise than in general terms, claiming both to have been respectable. He frequently remarked to me that it was his intention to keep his condition a secret from his friends until the close of his imprisonment, knowing that the consequences of such a disclosure would be fatal to the mother, and terrible to the whole family.

This resolution he kept, as above stated. I often observed, however, that anything recalling the idea of mother deeply affected him. At length he said to me in substance, as follows:

" I cannot longer endure the thought that my poor dear mother, for three long years has had no intelligence from her first-born son. Oh, how many dreadful nights has she passed sleepless, and wildly pondering over my fate. In how many dreadful forms has she in her imaginings witnessed my death, or perhaps worse, my privations, temptations, ruin. I shall write," said he, " though at the risk of exposing my shame and degradation. Yes, I must relieve that fond heart of its dreadful load." With the

approval of Col. R. Dow, the excellent warden of the prison, I consented to take charge of his letters sent, mailing them where his friends would not be likely to suspect his imprisonment, and directing those letters sent in return to my address, keeping the same object in view. Schlegel agreed to practice no deception in the matter, further than to hide from his friends his imprisonment. It may perhaps be questioned, whether even this could be justified as consonant with sound Christian morals. I will only say that after maturely weighing the matter in all its bearings, I consented to this plan, yet with some misgivings.

In his letter he spoke of his voyage to America, said many things of us that evinced great skill and readiness in examining and judging of the merits of our civil, literary, and religious institutions, and gave a most glowing description of the general prosperity and happiness of our Republic, but at the same time confessed he had not done well as yet, though he was disposed to blame only himself for the want of success.

To my surprise he directed his letter to Sir a " Professor of Philology, Dresden, Saxony." I doubted whether a letter from a convict addressed to such a titled personage as " My beloved father," would be responded to, but to my surprise, in due time I received an answer from that nobleman to his beloved son Martin. Accompanying, was a letter from his mother, full of such affectionate sentiments as only an intelligent fond parent can so well express.

The correspondence continued for some months, 14 as will be more particularly noticed elsewhere. By my request he drew up a history of his life with the fact before him, that I should make use of the correspondence of his friends, and other sources of information to confirm or refute his statements. I also reminded him that I would avail myself of the knowledge I had of the names and residence of his friends for the same purpose. And I am persuaded he gave me a true account of himself; for I have not found a single statement of what I insert of his narration contradicted from any one of these sources. I now present the reader with that part of his history that I deem well sustained by corroborating testimony, and which I think will be read with interest.

" I was born at Hamburg, the largest commercial city in Germany. I never knew my parents until my sixth year. My father was at the time of my birth, Sub-governor of the Military College of St. Petersburg, (Russia,) and entertaining some fears lest the rigor of a Russian winter should prove fatal to the delicate health of my mother, (and as she also wished to await the period of her confinement at her mother's in Hamburg,) my father sought for, and obtained a furlough for three months.

" My parents at once embarked for Hamburg where at the house of my maternal grandmother, I drew my first breath. Being a sickly child, the family physician thought it dangerous to expose me to the fatigues of a sea voyage, and as my father's furlough was nearly expired, my parents left me with my grandparents, embarking themselves for St. Petersburg.

" Here I spent my childhood. When I was about six years of age, my father's health began to decline, and the physician recommending a milder climate, he resigned his office and embarked for Hamburg, accompanied by his wife. When arrived there, I left the happy home of my childhood, and accompanied my parents to Dresden, the capital of the kingdom of Saxony. Here my father lived for a year or two in retirement, although urged by the Russian envoy to be presented at Court. As his health, however,

was rapidly improving, he became desirous to enter again into active life. At the recommendation of the Emperor Nicholas, he obtained the appointment of Professor of Philology to Prince Albert, heir presumptive to the throne, (now King of Saxony, Ed. Three years afterward he was made Knight of the order of St. Andrew, and immediately appointed privy counsellor to his majesty, Frederic Augustus II., by the grace of God (or of Satan,)

King of Saxony and Poland (!!!) Prince of Mis-nia and Thuringia, Duke of Anhalt, Count of something else, etc., etc., etc. I may add that my father is a member of the King's Privy Counsel to this day.

" At the age of fourteen I was admitted to the University of Leipzig, (the ancient Roman Lipsia,) and there it was that those habits were formed, that have since proved my ruin. Our German Universities are not conducted in the same manner as those in the United States. In Leipzig, where there are constantly from one thousand to fourteen hundred students in theology, law, medicine and philosophy, they are the law-givers, and whatsoever they deem right is right. Do they wish to have a feast, the wine cellars are forcibly entered at night time, (the watchmen are of course afraid to interfere,) the poultry yards robbed, and the bakers kindly relieved of their wares, and woe to the man who complains, for his dwelling house sooner or later will be disturbed by a masked band, called the Avengers. Theatres, balls and concerts, form the order of the day. Duels are fought for the most trivial offenses, and many a talented young man, the only joy of his aged parents, and the pride of his townsmen, has lost his life in these honorable meetings.

" Having an ample quarterly allowance, I plunged headlong into all these extravagant habits, in which even a French student is hardly a match for a German, and to my cost I learned the truth of the heathen's assertion, "*Facilis*," andc. Should you ask whether theological students do not maintain a more moral character, I am sorry to say they do not. This, however, is owing partly to the world-liness of our Professors of Theology, who visit balls and theatres more frequently than the house of God, and to the neglect of the holy scriptures. If you will refer to your standard authority, Watson's Dictionary, pp. 695-6, my statements will be found to be correct.

" The Revolution.— Previous to 1830, the government of Saxony had been an absolute monarchy. The French revolution of that year aroused the people of Saxony to a sense of their own condition. They arose in a body, and the kingdom would at that time have been transformed into a Republic, had not the Prince Regent, (the present king,) granted a Constitution which converted the government from an absolute to a limited monarchy. For the space of eighteen years, Saxony had enjoyed the blessings of general prosperity, but the Constitution was generally believed to be defective, in that it left too much power in the hands of the king and nobility. The French revolution of 1848 gave rise to a new outbreak in Saxony, in the same year, in which some important changes were made. These, however, were not satisfactory to the people in general, and in 1849, a third revolution broke out, more sanguinary than either of the preceding. For an entire week the people fought against the military forces in the streets of Dresden, streams of blood flowed down the streets, father fought against his soldier son, and brother against brother, and it was computed that over ten thousand lives were lost on both sides. But Saxon bayonets, aided by more

than sixteen thousand Russian troops, sent to aid the king, proved too much for our undisciplined though brave men, and we were compelled to disband, and flee under disguise from the city. Several patriots were made prisoners, tried by courts martial, and shot, and all who had borne arms against the king, were declared traitors and outlaws, and condemned to death. Last December I was informed that his majesty had granted a general amnesty to all political offenders, and that such were at liberty to return home as had fled.

"Revolutionary Incidents.—It was about four weeks after I graduated, and while I was yet attending lectures at the university, that the revolution of 1849 broke out with unprecedented fury in Dresden. The leaders of the people called on the students of Leipzig to come over and help them. The call was at once responded to by us, and at 6 P. M., on the same day we had received the letter, we monopolized the cars for Dresden, distant about one hundred miles. We were regularly organized as a regiment, under a Colonel commandant, Lieut. Colonel, and Major. The regiment was composed of several companies, according to the associations to which the students belonged. Each company was commanded by its Senior, assisted by two lieutenants chosen by himself.

"Being the only graduate of my association, the *Landwehr*, I held the command of our company. Our club being mostly composed of aristocrats, (who of course would not join us,) numbered but thirty-five men, from the age of fifteen to twenty-two, fearing neither God nor devil, for the most part believed in neither. Arrived in Dresden, we reported ourselves to General Lenz, commander-in-chief of the insurgents, who assigned us our various posts. Barricades had already been erected in the most frequented parts of the city, and I was ordered to proceed with my men to *Schlossgasse*, and garrison the two barricades leading respectively into *Frauen* and *Brüdergasse*.

"Stationing fifteen men under the command of lieutenant Linke, at the barricade on *Brüdergasse*, I proceeded with the remainder to the other part about forty rods distant. It being a cold rainy night, we placed two sentinels on either end of the barricade and retired to the left side which leaned on an oyster cellar, which we converted into a temporary guard room. During the night several attacks were made on us by a body of light infantry. They were, however, repulsed with some loss. "We took an ensign who was badly wounded.

"The next morning I received a letter from my father, who had been made acquainted by some officious friend with my movements. In this letter he peremptorily demanded my instant withdrawal to his country seat, or if you will fight, said he, fight for your lawful sovereign. To this I replied, that I chose to remain where I was. At three o'clock P. M., lieutenant Taller came to relieve me and to deliver a message from my Colonel, which called me directly to head quarters. There I was privately informed that General Lenz had ascertained that a steamer was expected to arrive that night from *Königsstein*, (a strong fortress on the *Elbe*, twenty miles above Dresden, to which the royal family had fled,) with military stores for his majesty's troops, and that it was highly important to capture the boat, as this would furnish us with powder and balls, of which we were in great want.

"He informed me also, that General Lenz had entrusted the expedition to our regiment, and that as I was better acquainted with the surrounding country than any

other one, (having been there ever since my sixth year, my college life excepted,) he entrusted the expedition to me. I must confess that this unexpected disclosure startled me. An honor it certainly was if successful, if not, it would cost me my head. But having once embarked in the cause, I resolved to execute my orders to the best of my ability, and took my leave. The enterprise had to be executed by stratagem, and I employed the following ruse de guerre. Selecting six of our most daring men, I clothed them in the uniform of the king's soldiers who had been slain, taking myself the uniform of the ensign we had made prisoner the preceding night.

" Taking a barge, we left the city in quest of the steamer. About ten miles above Dresden, we descried our prize. I at once steered alongside the boat, and jumping on board followed by my men, I requested an interview-with the captain, who knew my father and myself. I informed him that I was sent by Marshall Cherreni, (commander of the royal troops,) to inform him that Newstadt, the part of the city in possession of the king's troops, and where the steamer had been directed to land her stores, had fallen into the hands of the insurgents, and that the Marshall had ordered him to land his passengers one mile above the city, and to proceed with the stores to the Boule, which I told him was in possession of his majesty's forces, but which was, in fact, in possession of our friends. The captain deceived by our uniform, and knowing me to be the son of Sir, one of his majesty's privy council, went into the trap. My plan was completely successful. The passengers were landed above the city, from thence the steamer proceeded to I Brublesche terrace, where a company of our regiment was concealed in a schooner near by, who took quiet possession of the steamer. We obtained beside the military stores, six hogsheads of brandy, which was quite acceptable.

" I will not weary you with a recital of all those scenes of blood and horror, which are common to all civil wars. One of our last attempts, was to storm the arsenal, when we were encircled by the Royalists and indiscriminately slaughtered. In this terrible conflict I was wounded in the back by a grape shot, and in my thigh by a bayonet thrust, the scars of which are visible to this time. "Wounded as I was, my father refused to allow me to be brought to his house; but his early friend, and my god father, Sir Edward L., the father of my affianced, received me hospitably, although an aristocrat. Here for three days I was nursed with unceasing care by my betrothed, (the lady Anne A. mentioned by my father in his letters,) but after the city was taken, search was made for the rebels, and I was obliged to leave Dresden in the night on an ox-cart, with three of my companions.

" Arrived in Hamburg, my wounds healed slowly, and as soon as I was able, I embarked for America, being presented with five hundred dollars by my uncle in Hamburg. The rest of my story is soon told. I came to Manchester, hired a horse and buggy, and proceeded to Boston, where I pawned the property to a broker for four weeks, paying the interest in advance. Before I had time to redeem it, I was arrested, tried, and found guilty of theft; and sentenced to the state prison for five years, half of which has now expired. What I have suffered in this time is indescribable.

And though no tears bedew the eye, Nor outward signs of grief appear,
The brain may burn without a sigh, The heart may break without a tear."

The part of the narrative that is not supported by corroborating testimony, I have omitted, resolving to publish only what is supported by such evidence. That he is the son of Sir Henry, there can be no doubt; eighteen letters have passed to Martin, from the father, the mother, and uncle, (brother to his mother, and a military officer well known through the civilized world,) and a young military officer, a class-mate of Martin.

The letters sent were, of course, all carefully examined by the Warden and myself, as were also the letters received. All bore the regular postmarks of Dresden and the intermediate places. All the father's bore the seal of his knighthood. We also communicated with the father through a most respectable house in New York; receiving various articles through them, from the father and mother. Three drafts, amounting to one hundred and seventy-five dollars, were accepted by that house; and in a personal interview with one of the firm, (a gentleman born in the same city with Martin,) I found him well acquainted with the family. I have also myself corresponded with the father directly.

The uncle referred to, as furnishing money for his escape to America, is a military gentleman of high standing, whose name is not unknown to those acquainted with the present military establishment of Germany. From this uncle three letters were received, in which an extraordinary attachment to this nephew was clearly manifested. From the correspondence thus carried on, I find all the essential parts of this narrative well supported. In a letter from the father I find the following: "In consequence of the serious illness of his Majesty, a special Council of State has been selected from the ordinary council of Twelve, consisting of six members, (besides his Royal Highness, the Crown Prince, who presides,) for the government of the kingdom." Of this sub-council, he informs us he is a member.

In respect to his connection with the revolution of 1849, the letters of all his friends make frequent reference to it, fully sustaining the narrative; while the sad scars on his person show the character of his wounds. That on his back gave him most trouble, as he feared the inference might be unfavorable to his courage; and he most earnestly desired me to assure all concerned, that he was charging bravely up to a circular battery when he received that wound; and we Americans allow a very brave and distinguished man to deprecate a "fire in the rear."

I will only add that the letters of the mother 15 are exceedingly beautiful. She is undoubtedly a lady of strong and highly cultivated intellect, and possessed of those qualities of mind and heart that make the accomplished and affectionate parent. Her letters, also, breathe the spirit of true piety. The following is a translation of part of one of them, written in the German language. The translation, of course, but imperfectly conveys to the reader the beauties of the original.

MR DEAREST MARTIN:

"Whenever the post-boy brings a letter from you, it is always a holiday for me. With sorrow, I learned from your last, that you had been sick. This is a terrible thought to me. To be sick in a strange land, among strangers, and so far from your parents; for only a mother knows how to nurse her child. But you are (praised be God,) well, and I am happy. The Almighty will further protect you, and screen you from all danger. My dear boy, tell me freely, whether or not you are pleased with America. If not, return.

Your father has already informed you that his Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant a general amnesty for all political offenders. You may, therefore, return with perfect safety; and that our house and our arms are opened to you, I need not mention. Yes, return. You have already, and too early, gone through the school of privations and hardships, and I feel—I know it—experience has taught you a lesson, which even a Straube (a noted demagogue,) cannot efface. My dear Martin, I congratulate you on your twentieth birth day. Happy am I that you are now out of your teens, and I hope also out of your mad, revolutionary schemes. Your brothers are charming children, and give me great delight. But you, my dear child, you are my first-born; and what yearning has a mother for her best-beloved, though erring, child. I always imagine I see you quite strong and well; and the thought always brings tears into my eyes. You left me a lad—you will return a man. O yes, return. Bless your mother with your sight once more, and then I will cheerfully die."

In view of all the circumstances, and with the cooperation of Col. Dow, who had retired from his office as Warden, and with the consent of G. "Webster, Esq., then Warden, I arranged the papers containing the copy of his trial; the minutes of the State's attorney and the presiding judge, and presented them to the Executive; giving them in substance the facts set forth in these pages, and placing in their hands copies of much of the correspondence, and such proofs of its truthfulness as I could produce. His excellency, Gov. Martin, with his usual caution, examined the matter well; and after some delay, with the unanimous advice of his Council, consented to pardon him, on condition that his father would furnish the money for his return to Germany, and his pledge to make no delay. It was a day of indescribable happiness to the liberated convict. I attended him to New York, where we met many of his countrymen, some of whom were acquainted with the family of Martin. After engaging his passage to Hamburg, the vessel not being ready to sail, I left him and returned. For several months I heard nothing from him. At length, taking up a newspaper published in the great West, and looking at a notice of a very respectable and flourishing institution in the vicinity, I saw it announced that professor Martin had been engaged as professor of German Literature, and congratulating the institution on the accession of so learned and accomplished a scholar. I immediately wrote him. He excused his breach of promise made the Executive to return to Germany, by presenting a good many plausible reasons, though I cannot say to my satisfaction. I counselled with a judicious friend of high ecclesiastical standing, and we agreed to watch his deportment carefully; but so long as he continued to do well, to make no disclosure of his former history. I am sorry to say that at the close of his second term, he became so involved in pecuniary matters that his connection with the institution was dissolved; and he left the place with rather a damaged reputation, though I have not learned that he was guilty of anything positively criminal.

I have thus very imperfectly sketched the history of one who might, with established principles of integrity, and a sound religious conversion, have been an eminent man, and a blessing to our race. He possessed some very amiable traits of character, and with all his faults and foibles, one is inclined still to love him. It was his misfortune to be separated from that most estimable mother, during the years of his childhood; leaving him undisciplined and ungoverned. Then, after a short time spent with his

parents, came his removal to a German University, at the early age of fourteen years; and who can think it strange that, in that place, where genuine religious influence is almost unknown, and where spoiled young men do as they please, almost without restraint; where reckless students from all parts of Europe, (most of them infidel in doctrine, and in morals unboundedly licentious,) are the pestilent examples placed before the inexperienced. Who, I ask, could expect any good result? It would have been a miracle, if this young man had come forth with integrity of heart, or soundness of morals.

And further, the refusal of his father to allow him, when dreadfully wounded and mangled, to be brought into his house; and leaving him to welter in his blood, or to die as the victim of enraged monarchy; has, in my judgment, much to do with the wayward course of the son. It threw him into a land of strangers, with no skill to labor, and no friend to help. He felt it keenly, and I have no doubt this decided him not to return to Germany. It made his repugnance to monarchy a perfect madness, and his respect for the founders of free institutions almost idolatry. I recollect on passing the sacred place on Bunker Hill, where the brave and accomplished Warren fell, he threw himself on his face, and, weeping, kissed the stone that marks that spot. Russia shared his most inveterate hatred, for the part she took in the Dresden insurrection; and while I write these lines, were I, as a Yankee, to guess his whereabouts, I should locate him in the "Crimea."

CHAPTER XIII.

PARKER PAUL.

PARKER PAUL was a native of Exter, N. H. He was not of pure African descent, but I think one quarter white. The family was, in point of intellect, much superior to the majority of families, whether white or black. The name of one, at least, is familiar in New England, as a very talented and useful minister of the gospel, who was extensively known and as extensively respected.

The immediate ancestors of Parker, however, were very vicious. Their reputation was of the basest kind, and the circumstances of the birth of the poor fellow too bad to be named on these pages. It may well be supposed that, entering life thus, his prospects were of the most forbidding character. Indeed, the condition of a colored child in New England is most discouraging. We boast of our hatred of slavery, and are loud in our professions of attachment to the doctrine that "all men are born free and equal." But our practice as a community, is sadly at variance with our profession. I do not think that this is so much the result of prejudice against color, as a foolish love of sport and mischief. The little urchin who is so unfortunate as to have a black skin, finds himself treated much as a pet dog, or monkey. If a lively and intelligent child, he is the village pet. His pranks of innocent, or even of a mischievous character, are related in his hearing, and he is commended as a "smart little darkey." And if perchance he becomes a little too bold in his mischief, and somewhat troublesome, many still commend him; so that the praise of smartness more than compensates for the ill-timed and lawless punishment his conduct may have procured him. Thus he grows up with no proper training, having no higher ambition than to sing Nigger songs, "jump Jim Crow," and otherwise amuse the villagers.

If, on the other hand, the lad is rather dull or petulant, he is kicked about like a bad dog who evades the uplifted arm of one, only to receive the descending blow of another enemy. He soon learns to retaliate, and to make reprisals. The community in general entertain no sympathy for him. The voice of kindness or instruction is seldom heard from any one. Wherever he goes lie hears the exclamation, "The worst nigger on earth" and he comes to count men as his enemies. He joins issue with them, and fights his way along as best he can." His hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him. The poor fellow through much tribulation, finds his way to the jail, the state prison, or perhaps to the gallows.

Thus without intending any harm, or really having any wish to persecute the negro race, we, by injudicious management, spoil most of the colored children of New England. The birth and parentage of Parker Paul, was, as we have already remarked, of a character that subjected him to the worst possible inconveniences. No respectable person would associate with the family. The colored people of Exeter themselves, (who as a class were highly respectable,) would have no connection with them. Good and pious persons felt that under the existing circumstances, the proper training of the boy was impossible. Some efforts were no doubt made, probably no community would have done better, but poor Parker grew up a nuisance, and in time became a terror to the people.

He was a young man of commanding form and good features for one of his race, tall and well proportioned, of great muscular strength and activity; he was altogether what one of the southern "patriarchs " would call a very valuable boy." His intellect was also good, much above an average, and his proud spirit could not well submit to play the monkey, or amuse the villagers by songs or dancing. He would not be the pet dog of the place, and easily took the other course we have indicated. It is not my purpose to follow this unfortunate young man through his career of folly and of crime. The testimony of the whole village was, " he is a very bad fellow." I have been informed that at one time he seemed to be the subject of some religious impressions, but these soon vanished leaving him of course, worse than before. At length he committed the horrible offense that blighted forever the earthly prospects of a most worthy female, and consigned the miserable offender to the state prison for life. Terrible indeed was the rage of the infuriated multitude against him, and had it not been restrained by the more prudent arid sober, the prison would have been robbed of its inmate, and the wretched man have lost the precious opportunity of seeking the salvation of his soul.

For a time at least, the prison seemed to him as a desirable sanctuary of retreat from the deep and awful curses of the people, whose indignation knew no bounds. Nor to the day of his death would the majority of that community consent to his release by pardon. Considering his past life, and especially the offense, so brutal and surpassingly cruel, they can hardly be blamed.

And now that the iron gate has closed forever upon the miserable man, let us go in and look at him. Let us sit down and acquaint ourselves with his thoughts, and inquire of him concerning his past and present and future. He wonders why God ever gave him a place among the living. His earliest recollections recall only scenes of wickedness and wretchedness. They bring up none of those hallowed scenes so dear to your heart and mine. Ah, that bright morning of life on which others look back

with undying interest even from hoary age! The virtuous father, with look and voice of love, bending his manly form to mingle in your childish sports; then when these sports had wearied, told you of your heavenly father.

" And as the bird each fond endearment tries, To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies, He tried each art, reproved each dull delay, Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

And then that mother too, whose blessed image is associated with all your young days; that true mother, whose gentle voice soothed your childish griefs, or fretful tempers, and who by all those arts which none so well know how to practice as a mother, subdued your wrong dispositions, checked your unreasonable desires, and wisely cooperated with the divine influence to eradicate the evil from your heart. That mother, fond yet faithful, who by precept and example

" In teaching you the way to live, Hath taught you how to die."

There too was the charm of young hearts and voices, brothers and sisters, loved and loving. O, how busy recollection brings along the panorama of the past to you. There as it passes are friends, dear, true, virtuous— bright skies above you, a smiling earth beneath and all around you, and ten thousand treasured memorials of your early and later days.

O, man, loved and cherished by such friends, nurtured and matured in such an earthly paradise, look not with cold contempt or with an un pitying heart on that man, guilty as he is. He is now thinking of the past. His panorama moves on before his mind's eye. He looks, but no scenes of loveliness greet him. All along the moving picture are painted images of evil. No forms of beauty or kindness bend over his cradle, no voice of instruction enlightens his ignorance, no reproof corrects his waywardness, no word of kindness cheers his sadness.

No finger points to heaven, no note of prayer falls on his ear and sinks into his heart. He had heard somewhere that there is a God, the creator of all, and he asks in the bitterness of his soul, why was I brought into existence? All along the heavens above me have been shrouded in the storm-cloud, and no bow of promise has ever betokened any good for me. Baleful examples have ministered to my ruin. Cold contempt or heartless indifference have fixed me in the love and practice of vice. All the past is an unvarying scene of moral desolation and death.

And then the present. Oh, the gloomy present. As I muse, my heart becomes like these walls of stone, cold and hard and insensible. He now looks into the future, but what are his prospects. No day of liberation, to which to look forward. Were there a limit to his imprisonment, though that day were far off, yet like a remote star it would shed some faint light to cheer the horrible gloom. But limitless bondage—dreadful thought. In some far off day these gates will open to me, but I shall pass them unconsciously. They who love me not nor lament me, will carry forth my worn and wasted body to a convict's burial, and before that hour my soul will have passed away, and where shall I find my destined place? Shall I my everlasting days with fiends or angels spend? Thoughts like these were often expressed to me by this poor man during my long intimacy with him. 16

Several years had passed since his imprisonment when I entered on the duties of the chaplaincy. I learned that his general conduct had been good, but that he was subject to

occasional seasons of violence, when the spirit of wrath and revenge seemed to possess him, and exercise entire control over him. He was at such times very troublesome and dangerous; all who were within his reach felt themselves in great jeopardy. He was with 'much difficulty restrained from acts of violence, and on some occasions came to blows with his fellow prisoners. On one such occasion a convict, an "Italian," of whom something is said in another place, in a paroxysm of anger, sprang at him and with a sharp knife he had been using, cut him from a little back and below the ear, quite to the corner of the mouth, inflicting a deep wound nearly reaching the jugular vein, and leaving to his death a most undesirable scar.

Not satisfied with this, he drew his knife across the abdomen, cutting nearly around it, and so deep as to mark the membrane in some places. The poor fellow, however, was mercifully preserved, as we hope for his good, and by great care and kind attention at length recovered.

On my first acquaintance with him he could read but poorly, but soon made good improvement and became quite fond of books. He also manifested much skill in penmanship, and made some proficiency in arithmetic. On my first inquiry as to his religious views and feelings, I found him much in the frame of mind indicated in these last pages. Notwithstanding his ignorance of religious truth, he had for some time, (under the faithful instructions of my predecessors,) as he informed me, thought seriously of his condition as a sinner, and at times he had sought the Lord by prayer. These attempts would, however, be given up after a few days, and then again after a season renewed. I first endeavored to impress upon his mind the great truth, that there was one in heaven who cared for him, that God loved him with a pitying love. He could hardly be persuaded to entertain this idea for some time, but hesitated. "Why then has he not given me some proofs of that love such as he gives most men? Why am I of a race, hated, despised, persecuted—every where abused? Why was I left to circumstances which almost of necessity brought me here? These questions must be met. I showed him that God spared not his own son, but freely gave him up as a ransom for us all, and that this one gift was infinitely better than all that God had withheld; for that although he had not given him wealth, fame or friends, yet that in Jesus' love for sinners, and his redemption of the soul, provision had been made for a better than an earthly inheritance, and that heavenly love was more than sufficient to compensate for earth's hatred or contempt; and that in the retributions of eternity, there was ample scope for the justification of God's moral government, in regard to those things which are painful mysteries to us at present. The thought that the Father of all cared for him, seemed to waken up new feelings. It was a new idea, and one that much encouraged him to seek after God. He began once more to pray and read the Bible diligently, and was anxious to converse on the subject of experimental religion. At times he would seem not far from the kingdom of heaven, and then some provocation, perhaps slight and unintentional, would stir up his violent temper and blight the hope of his reform. I strove to fix in his mind the necessity of divine influence in order to the subduing of this, and all his unholy appetites and propensities, urging that the "carnal mind is enmity with God," and as his own experience plainly showed, "was not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." I reminded him how his best resolutions were inefficient, and his strongest efforts unavailing, and that this state of

things would continue until the stronger than the strong man armed should bind him and cast him out; in a word, that the power of divine grace only could accomplish the work, and that while he carefully watched over all his temper and passions to prevent their breaking out and triumphing, he should cry to God in unceasing prayer for deliverance from the dominion of sin. While thus from time to time the subject was continued, he seemed to be almost persuaded to cast all on the Saviour, and cry "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and then discouraged and gloomy. At length all my hopes of him were well nigh destroyed by another freak of anger, in which he severely injured several prisoners, and was subdued only after a dreadful struggle.

The Warden very properly shut him in solitary for several weeks, and I had nearly given up all hope of him. His case is utterly hopeless, was the general sentiment, and the only question seemed to be how he could be best secured from harming others. The time passed on, and at length I found Paul in his cell again. I was struck with his appearance. Physically he had not suffered as I expected he would; but his countenance, his words, his whole demeanor were quite changed.

"I have been praying," said he. "I became fully satisfied that I was in nearly a hopeless condition. I saw in my solitary state as I pondered over my 16 past life and present condition, that to cry to God in good earnest was my only hope, and I have done so; and though he does not yet deliver my soul, yet I think he has been with me and has given me some good desires, and some tenderness of heart." From this time I noticed a marked change in his views of himself, no longer seeking to extenuate his sins, no longer harboring revengeful feelings towards others, and withal, looking upward for help from above. I had several opportunities of praying with and for him, at which times he prayed most fervently for his own salvation, and with tears and very strong emotion, seemed striving to enter in at the "straight gate." At length God who always hears the penitent,

"revealed His gracious name,
And changed his mournful state."

Great indeed was the joy of that poor man when Jesus appeared to him, the one altogether lovely and the chiefest among ten thousand. His religious experience was to me of an uncommonly satisfactory character. With him "old things were done away, and all things became new." His feelings were not of a uniform kind to be sure; at times I found him oppressed with doubts. It was often suggested to his mind that he was too vile a sinner to find such great mercy, and that he must have deceived himself. In these hours of temptation and fear, I often found him much depressed, but never manifesting any disposition to give over his efforts to serve God. And soon the cloud would break in blessings on him, and with all the overwhelming exstasy which is a marked characteristic of the negro's piety, he would rejoice with exceeding joy. "Such was my transport this morning," said he to me one Sabbath, "that I involuntarily laid hold on my couch to keep from going up, for I really felt as if I were rising upward." At such times I never saw human countenance more expressive of joy, and it often required great effort on his part to keep the silence which the prison rules required. But a still more satisfactory proof of the genuineness of his conversion appeared in his subdued temper. I think to the day of his death he was never found sullen or wrathful in a single instance, and that he never gave occasion for reproof from an officer. It was

clearly seen that he not only sinned not in this respect, but that he had no disposition of heart to do so. There was a quietness and contentment so unlike his former self as to fix a strong conviction in the minds of all, that he was at heart another and a better man. His love for the Bible and other good books was remarkable, and in Sabbath school, as well as private conversation, he manifested that his reading was not without much profit. Another marked change was visible in his reconciliation to his condition. He often spoke with much apparent gratitude of this, ascribing it all to the grace of God that had made his prison home even an endeared place to him. Said he to me, "O, how I have cursed these cold stone walls, and these dark iron doors, and the officers, as they looked in upon me. I have cursed them not only in my heart, but how often in a suppressed voice muttered deep curses with my lips, and in language at the thought of which I now shudder.

"But now I feel an attachment to this cell in which Jesus appeared to me as my deliverer at the first, and in which he has so often blest me. I love this stone floor on which my tears of penitence fell, and on which I have so often knelt in prayer, and towards the officers I have no feeling but that of love." At another time he remarked that from a consideration of his debased position in society, on account of his color, he had often thought that could his skin be taken off inch by inch and its place be supplied by a white one, he would gladly submit to the operation. "But now," said he, "could the change be made by the expression of a wish, I do not think I should dare to utter it."

The thought seemed to be this: "God has loved me as a negro; Jesus died for me, a negro; the spirit of grace and truth visited me as a negro, and renewed my soul. The Deity does not scorn to dwell in the heart of the humble and contrite African. All this, and all the blessings of His grace and providence have been bestowed on me as one of the outcast race. I had rather still remain as God formed me, and in the class of humanity where he has acknowledged and blest me."

One year and a half passed on after the great change above related, and then came the day that more fully tests the character of our religion. Paul's giant frame was laid on the bed of death. For some months it was evident that he could not much longer survive the wasting effects of prison life. His noble, erect form was beginning to bend under the burden, and unmistakeable symptoms admonished him to be ready. These were perceived by him, but without dismay or dread. As long as his physician thought best, he continued at his work, manifesting a wish to do all he could. When brought to the hospital it was pleasant to see and converse with him. The attendants found him quiet and thankful for their attention. He expressed the utmost gratitude to the officers for their kindness, and his sorrow for having given them so much concern and trouble in former years. For all his former acquaintances he also expressed much affection, and the most anxious desire for their religious welfare. He felt no emotion of ill-will toward any who had assisted in his prosecution, but great sorrow for his crime. His confidence in God's mercy, as manifested through the Redeemer, was unshaken. He seemed to rest his whole soul on the divine promise, and with remarkable clearness to read his title to the inheritance with the saints in light. "We often joined in prayer together, in which he greatly delighted, and seemed much blest. All his sufferings were endured with uncomplaining patience, and through his sickness no mur- mur

was heard. At the last in perfect consciousness and composure, he commended his soul to the keeping of its great Redeemer, and we trust that they who attended Lazarus to his home in paradise, were present on their mission.

" Spirit, leave thy house of clay;

Lingering dust, resign thy breath: Spirit, cast thy chains away;

Dust, be thou dissolved in death. Prisoner, long detained below,

Prisoner, now with freedom blest, Welcome from a world of woe,

Welcome to a world of rest."

CHAPTÉE XIV.

THE ROMAN.

" I AM A ROMAN," was the proud boast of thousands, in the palmy days of that great empire; and so is Peter De Nos, the only Roman who ever gained a residence in our excellent institution, vulgarly called a " State Prison." Of this Roman I propose to speak. I would do so with all veneration for the land that gave him birth. " Proud, mighty city of the world," "Eternal city," "Land of the Caesars," "Seat of the true Church," and birth place of Peter De Nos. Who can speak of thee or thine but reverently.

I claim for Peter that he is a worthy son of Rome, and should be ranked with its founders, statesmen, and heroes. The immortal founders of that city, dwelt in a solitary place, cherished and nourished by the maternal Lupus. They honored their Alma Mater, by plundering largely the surrounding countries, and by supplying their reasonable wants from any and every source. They also founded a city: " The Eternal City." Peter also chose his home in the deep recess of a forest. " O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness," fully expresses the sentiment of this great but modest Roman, as he prepared an humble cave, and bowed his lofty spirit to his lowly circumstances. He now, like a good Roman, provided for himself abundantly; asking no doubtful questions as to ownership or title. He is a practical man, and troubles not himself with fine-spun theories of abstract rights. He cannot pause to settle great moral questions. It is true, Peter founded no city, nor did he imitate his countrymen, the founders of that great empire, in their vigorous and rapid courtship, by which their rude homes were changed to an earthly paradise. But this was not his fault. The times and circumstances (to say nothing of the fates or the sheriff's,) were unpropitious. Allowing for these, few would have done better. His possessions increased daily. Clothing in endless variety; food in rich abundance; all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life, crowned his labors; and had he been unmolested in his profitable, though unostentatious "course of duty," he would, perhaps, long ere this, have made some " American lady the happy sharer of his heart and home.

If the captious are disposed to inquire "whether, like the immortal twins, he drank from wolfish fountains, I reply that anological reasoning, which is the method of deducing from the similarity of things in certain respects, the conclusion that they are similar in other respects, proves that he did. "We have shown several similarities, hence the conclusion. If this is not sufficient, then prove that he did not.

The true Roman is seen in Peter's military exploits. It will be recollected that the most terrible foe of Rome was Carthage in Africa. Peter inherits the eternal enmity that was sworn into the juveniles of the other party. The presence of an African at any

time, sadly disturbs his equanimity. His mind, rich in classic reminiscences, cannot slumber over the wrongs inflicted by that race on his beloved Rome.

On one occasion a gigantic negro, for aught I know to the contrary, a lineal descendant of Hannibal, named Parker Paul, offended our Roman. Like his great countryman, Scipio Africanus, he determined to "carry the war into Africa," and like him, also, resolved it should be a war of extermination. He fell upon this powerful foe—struck out with a vigorous arm and a brave heart; cut and thrust; and was brought from the field 17 covered with the blood of his enemy, who was left wholly subdued, and nearly lifeless.

It does not yet appear that our hero professes the spirit of poetry or song. It may be, however, that some future occasion may awake that spirit, and that, like Shakspeare's musical heavenly bodies, he may "like an angel sing," rivalling even the renowned poets of Rome's former days.

The last trait of the Roman character in this wonderful man, of which I shall speak, is love of power. This, like the great Julius Caesar, our hero has "largely developed." He is an almost absolute master of a part of our United States—fifty by one hundred and fifty feet. He sweeps, and dusts, and scours, as one born to command.

"He is monarch of all he surveys;"

and that, too, in bold defiance of that motto, "Americans shall rule America." Finally,

"He is a man, taking him all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

CHAPTER XV.

MAITLAND.

MAITLAND, was the son of a highly respected local preacher in Bristol, England. The father was licensed by JOHN WESLEY, and his house was often the temporary abode of that great and good man, as also of BENSON and CLAKKE, and other eminent men of that denomination. He was a younger son of an ancient family of some distinction, and the family estates of course devolved on the elder brother. The family of the younger Maitland, however, were in easy circumstances, and well educated, especially in morals and piety. Unfortunately for young M., at an early age he was adopted by his elder uncle. Here all was changed. From being the member of a household, who,

"Along the cool sequestered vale of life, Had kept the noiseless tenor of their way,"

and from the pure and heavenly influence of parental piety, he was thrown in boyhood into a circle of gay and fashionable sinners.

"God was not in all their thoughts." A thousand unholy influences acted upon a mind active and ambitious. The struggling conscience offered less and less resistance, passion and appetite gained fresh victories, and the soul became a moral desolation.

"This is a bright day in my history," thought the happy lad, as he left the modest cottage of his father for the princely mansion of his uncle, wending his way from the rural abode of piety and contentment, to the home of luxury and extravagance.

Ah, how in after life did he most bitterly curse that day. We will not dwell on the young man's history. Is it marvellous that he became corrupt, vile, "giving to headlong appetite the reins?" Is it strange that early influences ceased to restrain, or that at an

early age the mere wreck of his former self, he was driven out from among those who caused his ruin?

Too proud to ask re-admittance to the home of his adoption, and too much ashamed to seek a sanctuary in his childhood home, he embarked for America. Here he was diligent and found plenty of work and friends. Generous and noble in his nature, and possessed of great personal attractions, he might have spent an honorable and useful life in this western home, but unhappily his habits of intemperance continued, and blasted all his prospects. In a state of inebriation he committed a theft, (an act of meanness of which he would never have been guilty in any other state,) and was brought to a gloomy prison.

O, how the first sight of those gloomy walls and iron gates smote the soul of young Maitland, and how did his proud heart agonize in laying off his fashionable garments, and assuming the coarse, parti-colored prison uniform. Who that looks at him but pities him. There he stands. Time has not furrowed his brow, nor has labor bent that firm form, but shame covers his countenance, and remorse tears his young heart.

Is he not now thinking of that early home,

"Where peace and plenty blest the laboring band;"

of the morning and the evening prayer, and song of praise of the ten thousand nameless endearments of virtuous, social life? And now there comes over him a sense of guilt, his apostacy from the God of his father, and the bringing of grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. How he trembles!—a deadly paleness overspreads his countenance, terribly, yet but imperfectly indicating the storm raging within.

Through six long years poor Maitland toiled on, suffered on. Beloved by officers and convicts, 17 faithful, obedient, and I think prayerful, though I regret to say he found no clear sense of his acceptance with God. The day at last came, long desired. O, how long! The prison doors slowly opened as if reluctant to introduce the poor young man to the smiling world without.

He went forth; but where could he go? A stranger in a strange land, and a degraded convict. He was too sensitive not to shrink from the eyes of those who knew him. One path seemed open before him. The war with Mexico had commenced, and in the midst of the "pomp and circumstance" of war, he might forget the past. Here life would be jeopardized; but what was life to him? He enlisted, and for his good conduct and bravery, was made a subordinate officer.

The remnant of that army returned to their own land. Well had they sustained the fame of our country, in campaigns that find no parallel on the pages of history.

But our Maitland: As the thinned ranks moved on, his fine, military form was not seen among them. In a soldier's grave in a distant land, the hands of his brave comrades had laid him down, and their honest tears fell on his uncoffined dust.

CHAPTER XXI.

BIBLE INFLUENCE.

I HAVE referred to the influence of the Bible on the heart and life. The importance of the subject will justify the additional testimony of this chapter.

W. S. was a native of Lyndon, Vermont. It was his misfortune to lose his parents by death when quite young, and thus be thrown upon the world without a relation to provide for, or guide, or instruct him. He was an active lad, impatient of restraint,

and yet not considered vicious until he came to reside in one of our cities, where he formed acquaintance with some of our "fast young men," and having had no proper training, and no knowledge of religious truth, soon fell in with their evil practices and infidel notions. I do not learn that he was ever charged with crime, until the offence for which he was imprisoned.

He was charged in the indictment, and found guilty of breaking into the house of ONE DANIEL WEBSTER, in Franklin, and stealing therefrom sundry articles. The house was not inhabited at the time. The great "Expounder of the Constitution" kept the paternal mansion furnished, and at certain portions of the year came and spent some weeks of happy intercourse with the good people of his native place, to the great delight of his old friends, and also of the young, in whose society he always delighted. During his absence, young S. was persuaded, by an older and more wicked sinner, to commit the offense. He never denied it, but through all my acquaintance with him, seemed to abhor that low, mean vice, lying, which is generally found connected with a propensity to steal.

There was something in the countenance of this young man exceedingly prepossessing. He would be noticed among an hundred others, as one of superior intellect, as well as of dignified and pleasant manners. He had been but a few weeks in prison when, as I came to his cell one Sabbath, holding out his Bible in his hand, he said to me, "Mr. Chaplain, I have never been so much surprised at anything in my life, as I am to find in the world a book like this. I do not know that I ever read a chapter of it carefully until I came here, though I knew there was a book called the Bible, and had been accustomed to see it and hear something said of it when I went to a religious meeting, which was very seldom. Yet I thought it wholly unworthy of credit; a collection of senseless stories and serious fiction, got up by ministers for selfish purposes; and I have been accustomed to hold it in the most perfect contempt. But I was forcibly struck with my first lesson, and I am filled with surprise as I continue to read. I can feel but little interest in any other book." He then spoke of its language, its history, biography, and expressed a determination to make the Bible his study for the present, at least. He lived six years afterwards, and to the last was emphatically "a man of one book." He would take up some portion, for instance the history of the creation, and requesting me, if I knew of any book that would help him in his examination of that subject, that I would procure it for him; would proceed to his work and never leave it until the subject was well understood, and all doubt dissolved. He would then take up another subject, and proceed in like manner. I gave him Watson's Apology, and other books of the kind, and kept him well supplied with such books as would give the exact meaning of words and terms. Availing himself of all the helps, he continued to his death a student of the Bible.

He did not search the scriptures from a love of controversy, or a wish to establish a favorite creed, or even to overcome any doubts of their authenticity; for on this he was well assured. Nor were his religious fears greatly awakened, or his desires for his personal salvation at any one time very ardent. But his whole soul was moved with an intense desire to read and understand the Bible as the "Book of God." To "read, understand, and inwardly digest" the sublime and saving truths of revelation, was his

favorite employment. All his conversation was directed to this pursuit; all the energies of his mind here employed.

And it would be exceedingly gratifying could I give the reader a just idea of his "profiting withal." His countenance, always intelligent, became wonderfully expressive of deep, calm, deliberate thought. In his manner he was dignified, yet humble; serious, but not sad; familiar, yet not so as to offend the most fastidious. As a prisoner, so far as any intercourse with his fellow prisoners could be permitted, he was always kind and affectionate, but he seemed to have no interest in any of the little incidents that are generally much noticed by convicts, and which, with many, beguile the tedious years of confinement.

No commentator, intent on searching out and giving to the world the true sense of the sacred writings, could be more diligent in making use of all the means within his reach, than was poor S.

during his last four months in the study of the book of Revelation, a portion of the holy volume in which he much delighted. There remained but about one year to complete his sentence. What course he might take, on regaining his liberty, so far as morals or piety are concerned, was a question well settled in the minds of those who knew him in the last years of his life.

I fondly hoped to see him in some department of religious service, useful to the church and world. Often in pondering over the condition of the convicts has his case caught up my mind, and I have many times looked with cheering hope to the time when I should see community blest with the substantial fruits of my care and labor bestowed on this man.

He has gone from the prison. His Bible is laid aside. His young heart, so in love with God's word, is cold in death. His noble, manly countenance is covered by the "clods of the valley," and his spirit has flown home, and is at rest.

Farewell, friend, pupil, almost son, farewell. I had thought to see thee nobly redeeming thy lost reputation, and honoring on earth the "grace that aboundeth to the chief of sinners." But I bow submissively, though sadly, to the decree of infinite wisdom. If thou hast found

"The house of our Father above, The palace of angels and God,"
then will that home be sweet to thee, who never knew an earthly home.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANECDOTES.

The Double Blessing.—A well educated and intelligent man of Scottish descent, was imprisoned for house breaking. He was of a very respectable family, and after years of travel by sea and land, he for some time had command of a coasting vessel. In one of his "high times" when in port, being intoxicated, he broke into a rum shop, for which offense he was imprisoned for one year. As his time was so short, he was able to keep his condition a secret from his friends, and for this reason his name is suppressed. He was an infidel on coming among us, but by carefully reading the Bible, "Butler's Analogy," and kindred works, together with much conversation on what had been to him doubtful points, he became convinced of the truth and excellence of Christianity, and professed to have experienced its renovating influence.

He travelled for some time with an English gentleman, whose name and travels are familiar 18 with many, and who made the tour of Italy, Greece, Turkey, and the east in general. His travelling companion was a young French gentleman, who had for a servant a Frenchman. Our friend officiated in that capacity for the Englishman.

The following anecdote, (for the truth of which I cannot vouch, though for several reasons I think it genuine,) he related to me. In Corfu, on the Sabbath, the travellers were sitting together on the piazza of the hotel. Opposite was the cathedral. It was during the celebration of "high mass." The French servant came to his master and asked for some money, which was denied him. "Veil," said the Frenchman, in bad English, "I sail ave ze money some how." He had noticed that the people on entering the cathedral opposite, deposited their offerings in a box, placed near the door. As if a new thought struck him, rubbing his hands together he exclaimed, "Zat vill do, ze money vill be all ze petter for being consecrated," and across the street he ran. Seeing no one near or looking on, he quickly forced off the top of the box, and soon filled one pocket, but just then the tinkling of a bell announced that the service had closed.

He had time only to replace the cover of the box, when out came the bishop and priest, followed by the congregation. The Frenchman still clutching a handful of coin he had taken from the box, at once brought his face into a most sanctimonious form, and began to pray, dropping at each sentence a coin into the box. His remarkable piety and liberality at once attracted the attention of the reverend fathers, who looked on a moment, then coming up to him, the bishop laid his hands most kindly upon his head, and called down blessings upon him from the "Holy Trinity, St. Peter, St. Paul," etc., etc. The Frenchman as he dropped the last coin in his hand bowed with the most admirable grace, and expressed the most unbounded gratitude. Then walking quickly across the street to the travellers, who were writhing in their efforts to keep from outright laughter, exclaimed, "Tank heaven, tank heaven. Vy I am doubly plessed. You hear ze blessing of ze bishop. Zat was ver good, ver fine, ver rich; but zis" slapping his hand on his well filled pocket, "zis much better! zis splendid! zis magnificent!

Selecting a Place.—Several years since at the time of the year when the wisdom of the state was gathering into Concord, a gentleman having on a "bran new coat, hat, boots," etc., etc., and evidently not unconscious of the fact, came with eager haste into the prison office, and walking up to the Warden, with the air of one determined to be known as somebody, addressed him, "Sir, I have come to pick out my place." The Warden supposing the man inclined to be a little facetious, merely smiled, and said, "Very well, we will do our best for you when the proper time comes."

"But," said the gentleman, "there will be a rush bum-by, and I shall get crowded into some con-sarned corner. I want a good place." The Warden began to mistrust that the man had, as the saying is, "got into the wrong pew," and suggested that he doubted the validity of his claim, telling him that of course the proper papers must be forthcoming, or his name could not be entered on the books, nor he recognized as a member.

"Understand that" said the man, with a significant shake of the head, as much as to say, "you don't manage to cheat me out of my right;" and taking out his old pocket book, he produced a carefully folded document, and read, "This certifies," andc.,

it being a certificate of his election as a Representative to the "Honorable General Court," from the town of. "This settles the question,"

the Representative elect triumphantly exclaimed, but lo! just then a movement in the yard attracted his attention, and looking out he saw the unmistakeable signs of his mistake. He turned short and was off; and as a modern novelist would say, "There might have been seen about this time a man" going down State street, indisputably a fast man, the skirts of his new coat fluttering out far behind him, "Like streamers long and gay." Whether he found in the place where he brought up, better men, or men more profitably employed, the deponent saith not.

"A good text and good preaching," said a convict to his chaplain, as he was about to leave the prison. I shall never forget the first time you preached here. The text was in Micah, 6th chapter, and 8th verse. "He hath showed the old man what is good." "O, it was a good text and a good sermon." My parishioner made rather a ludicrous blunder, but we in prison are not the greatest of blunderers after all. I recollect on one occasion, after closing ray sermon, a ministerial brother arose, and after putting himself into an attitude of oratory began thus: "The subject that our beloved brother has so fully disgusted"

I of course chose to call it the blunder of a man ignorant of language. Perhaps, however, there was no mistake. 18

John H., is a Polander, a native of Warsaw, and one of the brave men who made the last unsuccessful attempt to regain their country's independence. After their defeat, Johnny came to America, and I am sorry to say, to the state prison also. It was, however, believed that his imprisonment was unjust. The offense charged against him, was breaking and stealing a quantity of copper coin, and the principal circumstance, on the strength of which he was judged guilty, was the agreement of Johnny's boots with the size and form of the depredator's made in the snow path. Now it was undoubtedly according to law and evidence, that a true bill should have been found against said boots, but it somewhat changed the aspect of the case when it came out that a certain woman, not at all connected with John, went with said boots on that special occasion.

Notwithstanding all this, Johnny did the "state some service." Especially was he useful on the Sabbath in our choir. With a powerful clarionet he discoursed such music as would have blest the cars and stirred the blood of a regiment of cavalry, horse and rider, and have brought them up to desperate deeds of valor. He was often cautioned to ease off a little, and suit his music to the sacred hour and place. And he would do so, for his was a yielding spirit and a devotional heart, "but when the music began to go well, John's old martial spirit was stirred within him, and he could not well subdue it. He would seem to imagine himself on the field of glorious strife, and bound to stir a fever in the blood of men of war. His sounds would begin to take the martial air, turning up his eye toward the chaplain or warden, as much as to say, "Pray excuse." Now then, and O, such a blast, and such flourishes. One would wonder how even the Czar of Russia ever succeeded against Warsaw, so long as Johnny played the clarionet. Ah, Johnny was not the man for treason, stratagem and spoils. "Music in his soul?" Bless you, his soul was full of music, though rather better suited to the field than the orchestra.

Johnny was something of a wit as well as musician. Previous to his coming to prison, he worked for a gentleman, well known and beloved in New England, as a day laborer. His wife was a very pious woman, but John thought her a little too liberal in her demands on the services of the workmen. Especially did he object to being sent out to chop wood before breakfast. One day Mrs.

felt it her duty to speak with John on the subject of religion, and asked him what his views and experience were. John replied that he was certainly pious, "got ligion, plenty of ligion." "Well what kind of religion?" "O, what we have in our country." "Well, what is the religion of your country?" "O, good ligion, very good ligion." "Well, but what does your religion require?" "O, serve God, be sure." "Well how?" "O, pray to God, and not send hired men out to shop wood fore breakfast.

The Innocent Irishman.—There is among convicts as well as other men, a great inclination to deny their guilt, and refuse to own up. This is true of all classes, but the Irishman is peculiarly eloquent on this theme. I recollect the protestation of one poor fellow. "Master Chaplain," said he, "I am quite innocent entirely. I know nothing about it. I am as innocent as a child that had never been born, and whose parents had been dead many years." This, if true, certainly left but slight grounds for suspicions of guilt.

CHAPTER XYIII.

EXECUTIVE PARDON.

IN all rightly constituted governments, while penalties, justly incurred, are inflicted, there is a pardoning prerogative lodged with some branch of that government. This is highly proper, for several reasons. Circumstances may transpire to show the delinquent less guilty than was supposed, and consequently deserving of less punishment. Or, in other cases, something may arise to show the man wholly guiltless in the matter charged. Or there may be something in the moral improvement of the convict, or in his declining health, that renders pardon right and proper.

But this power should be used sparingly, and not without good reason. Next to the task of satisfying expectant office-seekers, (a task fully equal to that of Hercules, or Ixion, or Sysiphus,) the executive finds the exercise of the pardoning power difficult and vexatious. The difficulty begins with the sentence, which in many cases is unreasonably severe. This may be in some cases the fault of the statute; in others, of the court. Within the last few years, however, there have been but few cases of unreasonable sentence. Previous to that, the severity of our New Hampshire courts was proverbial.

Young men were sentenced to from seven to fifteen years for offences which, in Massachusetts, would be punished from two to five years. It could not be expected that these men would linger and suffer on that length of time, peaceably and patiently; nor would community submit to it. The executive table groaned beneath the burden of petitions praying for the pardon of such; and these petitions could not well be disregarded. From an annual pardon of two, or three, or five, suddenly the number went up to from ten to twenty a year. That some of these were granted unwisely, there can be no doubt, for the men composing our executive boards, like all other men, are liable to err in judgment. But most of the pardons granted were in favor of worthy applicants.

The evil complained of is not confined to the executive. The whole prison is perpetually annoyed by the subject. To give one not conversant with the prison management, an idea of the constant vexation and perplexity occasioned by the present system, would be impossible. No convict, or at least, not one in ten, on coming to prison, expects to remain to the end of his sentence.

"For how long a time were you sentenced?" "I generally ask a convict, on my first visiting him. "O, I was sentenced for seven, or ten, or twenty years; or for life," as the case may be; "but I do not expect I shall have to stay long."

"My prosecutor said that he had no thought that I should get more than a year or two, and lawyer A. says that it is perfectly outrageous, and the sheriff told me to be of good courage, and that my friends would get up a petition, and have me out soon." Now all this is wrong. I know the prosecutor would be glad to soften down the wrath of the prisoner; perhaps from pity, or it may be from a fear of his revenge. The same motives may actuate others who make promises they can never hope to keep. The convict is, to be sure, soothed and quieted at the time, but so long as he remains under the delusion, he makes no improvement. The necessity of learning to read or write, is urged upon him, as also of acquiring a good trade; or, if already somewhat educated, the importance of taking a more systematic and advanced course of study. But, says the deceived man, "I shall not stay long enough to make it an object. I cannot do much in so short a time."

And now he thinks of nothing else; and wishes to converse on no other subject but pardon. Time rolls on, and the man wonders what his friends are about. Winter comes and goes, and spring and summer follow; but no intelligence of anything doing for him. Friends seldom write, and when they do, say nothing of his liberation, or else give him a homily on patience; a thing well enough at the right time, but of no use now. Still the man hopes, and still experiences that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." He becomes at length, gloomy, dejected, obstinate. In his heart, at least, he curses those who have deceived him; and perhaps meditates revenge on them.

All this time the Chaplain, the "Warden, and Deputy, knew that the poor fellow was cherishing a hope that would be found false, but they could not well tell him so. His conclusion would, in that case be, that the officers were combined to keep him in prison, and were his enemies. The labor of the Chaplain would be lost on him, and the supposed enmity of the other officers would be repaid by disobedience and mischief.

"I am kept here," says the man, "because I am profitable." "Ill make it a hard bargain for them." I speak that I know, and am confident that a disappointment in respect to pardon is at the foundation of most of the instances of disobedience and bad temper of prisoners. What, then, can be done in the premises?

EXECUTIVE PARDON. 217 1st. Let the sentence be as light as can comport with the protection of community and the reform of the prisoner.

2d. Let the convict know that he is to suffer the full penalty of his offence, unless something should transpire to change greatly the principal features of his case.

3d. Let the relations and all connected with the case, while they commiserate and pity the man, acquiesce in the decision, and by kind words and frequent communications in writing, show him that he is still remembered and loved. Then the convict knows the destiny that awaits him. He is not tormented with painful suspense, or mad-

dened with uncontrollable rage by the violations of promises made by friends. He sets about his work, forms his plans for study, and mental and moral improvement, and all goes on pleasantly. The man is convinced that his sentence is not of an unreasonable length, and he is saved from the evils that are unavoidable under the present state of things.

Even then, there will occasionally arise a case that will call for executive interference; but those cases will be few. This view of the subject, I know, is entertained by the most intelligent of the convicts. I recollect one very intelligent man assured me that he had suffered more from anxiety, knowing that his friends were seeking his liberation, than from everything else connected with his long imprisonment of ten years. And he assured us that if ever again he should be imprisoned, he would most earnestly beg his friends, if efforts were made for his pardon, to keep the matter wholly from him.

In respect to such as are sentenced for life, I think, in most cases there should be no effort made by their friends, on their behalf, until the convict has suffered from eight to ten years. I fix on this as a point beyond which few prisoners can remain without a strong probability of breaking down and becoming enfeebled for life; and, also, that whatever hope of reform may be cherished, must be realized, if ever. The public mind would, in most cases, be outraged by an earlier effort, should it be made; and a failure at the first attempt, prematurely made, would render the case less hopeful.

At the proper time, let the case be brought before the executive by some judicious friends, who were acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and a decision be had. If, from his crime being of a very aggravated character, it is deemed improper, or if the conduct of the culprit has been such as to show that it would be unsafe to set him at liberty, let such be the final conclusion.

But if otherwise, and if at any time it would be proper to grant the individual a pardon, it ought no longer to be delayed. A longer imprisonment, if not destructive to life, would be so to health; and liberty would be but a poor boon to a man of advanced years and shattered health. I think a vast majority of our communities would acquiesce in such a decision.

CHAPTER XIX.

DISCHARGED CONVICTS.

How should discharged convicts be treated, is a question of much importance. In this, as in everything else of importance, there are extremes to be avoided. There are men, who, from great tenderness of heart, or perhaps entertaining superficial views of justice, treat discharged convicts with a familiarity and intimacy quite injudicious. They seem even to show a marked attention to them, as if they were the victims not of sin but of misfortune, and treat them as if returned from some highly honorable but unsuccessful enterprise, and whose losses were to be made up by superabundant kindness, and overflowing sympathy. This error, however, is not a common one. Far more frequently does the discharged convict meet positive and cruel abuse. He is cruelly taunted by some, perhaps in a jocose manner, but still in a way to inflict positive pain.

Sometimes remarks are made as if with the design to wound the feelings of the poor man, and more frequently there is manifested an indifference to his prosperity.

Many will give him no encouragement. He seeks employment, but is repulsed, and in a way that shows him why. And all this is the more discouraging because he is looking out for unkindness. He imagines every one regards him with indifference or contempt. Do the children playing in the street laugh in sportiveness, he thinks himself the subject of their ridicule. Does the bashful female pass him with a flushed countenance and hurried step, he imagines she knows he has been a convict, and fears him. Does the man of business inform him he has no occasion to employ help, the same inference is drawn. With these feelings how greatly magnified are all real or supposed neglects or insults. His resolutions to reform and lead an honest life were sincere, but now, discouraged by the reception he meets, his hope dies within him, his purposes of living a virtuous life are shaken, and his old propensities return with new strength. He has expended his last dollar, and fails to find either kindness or employment, and what can he do. It is easy to say "Let him starve rather than steal." This is no doubt good doctrine, and well established Christian principle would enable one to endure the gnawing of hunger even to death, rather than to seek relief at the loss of virtue or honesty. But we are not to look for so high a standard of Christian morals among discharged convicts, and can only, therefore, expect to see them fall in the day of such trial.

They become desperate; they sin, and soon return to prison, and as the poor fellow comes back, men are heard to say, "Oh, just as I always said; " " " knew he would be back again; " " want going to have a state prisoner around me." These remarks on the extremes of kindness and cruelty, will suggest the true method of treating such men.

A young man comes back to your neighborhood who has been in prison, and you must meet him. Take him by the hand and speak freely to him. Give him to understand, not only your regret for his folly, and your deep sense of abhorrence of crime, but let him know also, that you are interested in his restoration to the favor of the community. Say to him, "We are disposed to help you. We do not intend, however, to receive you into our full confidence, or take you back to our intimate fellowship, without proofs of sorrow for the past, and evident purpose of honesty and integrity for the future. You are a probationer with us, a candidate for the full confidence and esteem of our citizens. We shall help you, but we shall watch you. Not in the spirit of unkindness, but of hope, and in charity we shall watch over you. Go then to your work, and step by step gain back what you have lost. The favor of our community will come as fast as it is earned. In your honesty and integrity we shall all rejoice."

The good sense of every man will suggest how soon and how far such a man should be admitted to our familiar circles as one of us. He should never be taunted with a remark calculated to wound his feelings. The subject of his imprisonment should never be alluded to in a half-jesting manner, for if inclined to take things serious, he will think it intended to insult him; or if of another turn of mind, he will infer that his sinful course is after all, not so much a subject of serious concern and deep sorrow, since men make it a subject of merriment and jest.

The liberated man should be encouraged to avoid bad company wholly. He should cultivate a love for books, and should as far as may be practicable, lead a retired life, not seeking to mingle at once in society. With the vicious he must not be found, with the virtuous he cannot at present hope to stand on terms of equality. Let him wait

awhile, and be sober, and modest, and discreet, pursuing faithfully his calling, and except in the worship of God, mingling but little with the crowd. And it is wonderful how soon, pursuing such a course, he will stand up a man amongst good men. The last few years have wrought a great change in the manner of treating discharged convicts. I do not think but our citizens generally are disposed to receive such in a proper spirit, and treat them kindly. But there is still a great want of knowledge as to the best means of doing them good. And in behalf of that class of our fellow men, I would most affectionately urge all who may read these pages to think seriously of their duty in this respect. If he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins, then when a man from prison comes among you, for his sake and for your own good, look to him and help him. I do not ask you to marry him to your daughter, or to make him your intimate friend. Do neither at present, but count him a man, a sinful man to be sure, but a man. By judicious efforts seek to help him to overcome his vicious propensities, to conquer his besetting sins, and to rear up the principles of integrity and moral purity, which are perhaps struggling with but a feeble and sickly growth. Thou shalt in no case lose thy reward.

These pages may be read by some who have relatives in prison, or recently discharged there- from. Is it a child, parent, brother. God support and comfort you, my friend. An acquaintance with many honest, respectable persons, who have suffered as you do, has given me great sympathy in your behalf. Allow me to charge you, forsake not the unhappy man whose conduct has brought grief and shame into your domestic circle. I know a high sense of honor, and a just estimate of good family reputation are to be cultivated, and that a blow has been struck that has nearly been fatal to your happiness. But imitate your Heavenly Father. Like him learn

"To hate the sin with all your heart, And yet the sinner love."

How long and how kindly has God borne with you. So long and kindly bear with that offender. Is he in prison? Write often to him, faithfully but affectionately. Encourage him to hope for your love and help in time to come. And visit him. "O, I cannot bear the disgrace. I cannot be known as having a member of my family in prison." You very much mistake if you imagine your reputation will be damaged by coming to weep over a poor wretched relative. O, no, my friend. Nothing so sinks one in the opinion of men in general, as to desert a friend at such a time. And what more convincing proof can you give of a pure heart, and a high sense of the worth of character, than a frequent visit to the wretched man, sighing and groaning in disgrace, and ground to the dust by a sense of shame and of condemnation. O, I have seen him when the only link that bound him to hope was the fond thought, "They love me at home." Show yourself worthy of a claim to respectability, by taking the hand of that poor man, and acknowledging that with all his faults you love him still. Nothing so convinces that you are not chargeable with fault in that friend's guilt as your concern in his welfare. And when a convict's relatives fail to write or visit them, the conclusion of all the prison officers is, that man's relatives are not respectable. He probably committed his offense because the restraining and purifying influence of family kindness was wanting. There is no love there, and he sought other circles for sympathy, which did not exist at home. But when the weeping parent, or wife, or brother, or sister breaks away from embracing the man in a prison garb, and passes

off, casting a look of sorrowful affection back, the conclusion is, "That convict has good relations, they are respectable, he only is the sinner;" a conclusion which I find is generally just. O, save me from those relations who are too respectable to "seek and save the lost," and who have no love for a member of their household who has sinned. "Unto their honor, my soul, be not thou united."

Is that friend soon to come forth to liberty? Meet him at the door of the prison, having first provided for him some employment, and take him to your home and heart. Show him that he is not to be driven out like Cain, a fugitive and vagabond upon the face of the earth; but that his friends possess the spirit of Him who said, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee, go in peace and sin no more." Help him in business, encourage him in well doing, and let him know that all is not lost to him. Thus a pleasant future shall open up before him, and though thoughts of the past will often open the fountains of tears and throw some dark shadows on the future, yet his heart will take encouragement, and when men shall speak of your reputation, and wish to place it most favorably before the community, among the worthy deeds that have made that reputation, they will place first and foremost, your Christian treatment of that offending relative.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CONVICTS FUNERAL.

As there is something terrible in the thought of dying in prison, so there is a sadness and solemnity in a funeral conducted in that place.

At the appointed hour, the corpse, decently clad and prepared for its "narrow house," is (unless the season or the weather forbids,) taken from the hospital to the centre of the prison yard, and placed on a table.

The prison bell is then rung, which gives the surviving convicts the first notice of death's doings among them. All hands now quit work, and are arranged in divisions. Another stroke of the bell and each division marches out of its shop, and, approaching the centre of the yard, form three sides of a square; the corpse, surrounded by the officers and Chaplain, forming the other side. Many citizens are seen at the windows of the officers' house, looking out, and listening with interest and often with tears.

And now there is a silence which is oppressive.

"Who is lie?" is a question which struggles in each bosom, for most of them have had no opportunity of knowing. But that question must not be asked, and it is interesting to observe the countenance of each, as the look at the face of the dead, gives the answer. Are they the features of an unknown, or of one not beloved, there is an expression of relief evident. But is it a familiar face, and a beloved countenance, O, how the sad gleam calls forth a sigh, a tear, as, passing on, the poor fellow casts his lingering, last look on the rigid features of the dead. And another question is doubtless often on the mind:

"Who next shall be hastened away, My merciful Lord, is it IV"

The Chaplain lays his open bible on the coffin and reads, "Man that is born of woman, is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." The selected sentences from the good book, resting on the still heart of the dead, as they fall from the lips of the speaker, and are reverberated from the surrounding walls of stone, seem to rest with

unwonted weight on the souls of the living ranks of listeners. The lesson finished, the Chaplain may be supposed to address them in substance as follows:

My brethren, a few days since we stood on this spot, as we now stand. Here lay the unconscious form of one who had been your companion in your toils and sufferings. "We sought to improve that providence by religious services, and then was committed " earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." In your ranks there stood at that hour a young man whose countenance was shaded with sorrow. To-day that division is not full, his footstep was not heard when you marched out. The solemn services of this hour are unheeded by him. Here are his poor remains. The earthly house lies here in ruins. The soul hath gone to its endless home; fixed in an immortal state. His was a sad history, all but the bright morning. Then, in innocence he looked out and on his future. And how bright was that future, as his fancy drew it. A long unclouded day of prosperity. Perhaps a happy life with loved ones, blest with quiet and contentment. Or, it may be, with more ambitious hopes, sketching out a life of honorable distinction and successful competition in the race for a more dazzling prize. O, how he mused of years in which no wish should remain uncrowned—no want unsupplied. But how dreadful to compare the anticipated with the real. He came down from those green hills a careless, yet not a malicious young man; prayerless, yet not infidel; rude, but not unkind. And when, from that hill top, he looked back for the last time on the home of his childhood, it was plain his was not a hard heart, for he wept as he turned his face towards the city; and his tears gushed out again and again, at each object that reminded him of home. O, young man why did'st thou not turn aside and, kneeling down, say: " My father, thou art the guide of my youth." Why did'st thou not, like one of old, make a covenant with God, that he might keep thee and bless thee.

But why do I ask this slumberer? He heeds it not. My words enter not into the cold ear of death; and no living spirit is within this confined dust to answer. "For the dead know not anything." Then let the living lay this to heart. Our young friend, in the gay city or the bustling village, found what our first parents found in paradise—a tempter, and a temptation. Like them, in an evil hour, he yielded and fell. And then the result. Alas, my brethren, you can but imagine the scenes that followed. The trampling of feet, that told of the presence of his pursuers; the loud voice that first declared him prisoner; the chains, the court, the decision, the sentence, the dreary journey to this place, that room in which was exchanged the garb of citizenship for these loathed garments, whose unseemly blending witness to all beholders your degraded state. All this was in the history of this young man. And here his earthly career ended. There was no breaking out from behind that dark cloud of his life's setting sun; and if a bow of promise ever seemed to rest upon it, it was but a gay illusion. He sickened, but no watchful mother's eye detected the earliest symptom of disease. He declined, but no mother's skill or care came to his rescue. He languished, but no mother's soft footstep was heard, nor mother's look of love shone upon those ghastly features. He died, but heard no mother's blessing, no father's prayers. He passed off, and heard no farewell sentence uttered, and felt no parting kiss. From that neat cottage on that green slope, a voice of distress will break out. The quiet neighbor will be startled by the sound of weeping and loud lament; and wondering, to learn its cause, will run swiftly to the place. Let your imagination finish the sad picture. Heart broken parents. How sincere

that exclamation, " O my son, would to God I had died in thy stead. O, my son, my son!" May "he who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," care for thee, and thy smitten flock.

Ye living men, spared in mercy a little longer, to you is this voice of warning sent. Every departure of a soul is an instructive lesson, and how numerous have these always been to us.

" Deaths stand like Mercuries along our way, And kindly point us to our journey's end.

Hard is the heart, and quite hopeless the condition of that man whom death no longer instructs; who with an unfeeling heart can see his fellows fall by shafts to which himself is equally exposed. May God " so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Prayer is now offered, while the stillness of the coffined dead scarce exceeds that of the living. A silence broken only by a sigh, or perhaps a burst of grief, from some one unable to exercise self-control. Again the ranks are in motion; they pass the pale sleeper, cast their last look upon his countenance, and march to their work. The hearse enters through the great gate, and receiving its dead, passes out. The officers and, attendants, in number suitable to perform the simple office of depositing " dust to dust," follow on, and the work is soon accomplished. 20

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CONVICTS BURIAL GROUND.

LET us visit it. It is near at hand; just on the skirt of our beautiful city. The surrounding scenery is charming. In front stands the ancient temple in which, more than a century since, our fathers worshipped. Its outward form is unchanged. Its tall spire still points to the home of those who once entered its doors. Though the great congregation no longer gathers there to hear the word of life, yet is it worthily occupied by wise and pious teachers, and by God's young servants dedicated to him and to his church, those " studying to show themselves approved unto God, workmen that need not be ashamed."

Beautiful are the surrounding homes of those connected with the institution, and of the citizens. Lovely the varied group of hill, and valley, and plain; and charming the tranquil river, flowing slowly, and with many a graceful bend, onward toward the ocean, like the good man to the bound- less sea of love. We will enter. It is the early burying place. Here

" Where heaves the turf in many a mouldring heap, Each, in his narrow bed forever laid, The honored fathers of the hamlet sleep."

They were an ancestry of which we are justly proud. Their memory will never perish. Their monuments, decent and suitably costly, perform a truthful office, as they testify to the virtues of the departed. Here is little of that extravagant flattery, but little of pious falsehood, such as abounds in many cemeteries in our land, and well deserving of the rebuke of the witty Sydney Smith, who, as he walked into such a grave yard, slowly and solemnly lifting up his hands, exclaimed, "Here lie the dead, and here the living LIE." These lines of the inimitable Gray, with but a trifling alteration, describe in this respect our cemetery.

" Their names, their age

The place of fame and elegy supply, And many a holy sentence here engraved,
Doth teach the living Christian how to die."

Here is the usual grouping of the dead. This, like all other places of the dead, is a "land without order." "The small and the great are here." "The rich and the poor meet together." And how 236 PRISON REMINISCENCES.

quiet! The spirit of rivalry has departed; the fires of ambition have burned and gone out; and where that proud one was laid down there is but a heap of dust. Here, side by side, rest political rivals, blending their ashes in common soil. Theologians, once disagreeing, and it may be, rather rending; than building up, the truth of Jesus, though with honest aim. Men of ambitious minds, now quiet, though possessed of only each his small share of earth. The halls of legislation have emptied themselves for this place. Here is "His Excellency," the Governor, and the honorable councillor. The court, the judges, the sheriff, jurors, counsel, witnesses, and spectators; all are here. The Asylum, the home of such as are bereft of God's best gift, next to eternal life, has sent its colony to this place, and they are quiet. The peaceful agriculturist lies low in the earth, the surface of which he once tilled. The merchant, no longer counting on his gains; the man of skill, whose "right hand has now forgot its cunning." Nor these only. Planted side by side, as is most fit, are the mothers, the wives, and the daughters. What a host—intelligent, courageous, virtuous, accomplished, beautiful—have entered these gates, and are associated with those whom they loved and blest in life. The sweet flowers that were nipped by the frosts of death, in vast numbers, here wait their second spring time. Then shall they

"Revive with ever-during bloom, Safe from diseases and decline."

It would be gratifying to step aside and moralize on each of the sleeping ones. There is one grave we will visit. Here, under this monument of decent size and good material, and which speaks in the language of respect and of friendship for the dead, rests the mortal remains of the last slave that lived and died in New Hampshire. Her life had in it nothing of slavery but the name; and when she died, the last vestige of slavery nominal, was blotted from our records. How long shall it be ere the grateful heart shall muse at the grave of the last slave in our Union. God hasten the day.

Here, it seems, sleeps what was once a human form. But

"Unknown the region of his birth, The time in which he died unknown; His name is perished from the earth; His grave remains alone."

No one shall know his history until the resurrection. Around this grave there were once gathered a group of persons. There were hearts that loved him, and tears once fell on this grave. But they who loved and wept are gone. We ask in vain for more of this man's history than is suggested by our own experience and observation.

"The bounding pulse, the languid limb, The changing spirits rise and fall; We know that these were felt by Mm, For these are felt by chL

"He suffered, but his pangs are o'er; Enjoyed, but his delights are fled; Had friends—his friends are now no more; And foes—his foes are dead.

"He saw whatever thou hast seen,

Encountered all that troubles thee, He was whatever thou hast been, He is, what thou shalt be."

We pass to near the centre of the yard. Here is a large space on which there is no monument, not even the humblest stone, or any mark of respect for the departed. And yet the whole space is broken up, and thickly tenanted by the dead. How is this? A part of these are the graves of convicts; but I am compelled to speak of another class, whose history does not a little dishonor our state. During the war of 1812, a battalion of volunteers were stationed in this city for a time. The terrible spotted fever broke out among them, and some forty of those brave young men were suddenly, and far from home, carried to a soldier's grave. And these are their graves; the unnoticed, unhonored, forgotten graves of those young and ardent defenders of our country; now one vast republic; boundless, almost, in its extent, wealth, and resources. Her sons who fell in defending her in days of weakness and peril, when threatened by disunion at home, and by active war with the most powerful nation on earth; these sons, offered on the altar of our safety, are not deemed worthy of even a block of granite from our own mountains, to perpetuate their names. The young men of that war were not gleaned from the idle, and worthless, and vicious, as is often the case in raising recruits for war. They were the sons of patriotic fathers and mothers; bred in the stormy days of the revolution, and whose love of country was not mere pretence. True, self-sacrificing patriotism had not then become scarce. A disloyal spirit was frowned upon, and true love of liberty honored. The history of one too young to render service, but not too young to love his country, is in substance the history of each of those young men. He, from the earliest period of his recollection, had listened to the oft repeated story of a father who, with bare and bleeding feet, had followed the father of our country through some of his most disastrous campaigns. Who, beginning a frail youth of sixteen, bravely held on in his country's service, until reduced by fatigue and sickness, he was borne to his home; and then, when still but half recruited, back again to assist in filling up the thinned ranks of our veteran army. And he had heard (sitting by his mother's side, and resting his young head on her checked apron,) how her dear old father, a veteran of the French war, went forth again at the call of his old captain, then General Putnam, taking his five sons; and how, while at times all were at once engaged in their country's service, her time was divided between the attentions demanded by an invalid mother, and cultivating and gathering the harvest with her own hands. And then she would speak of Valley Forge, where sleep the ashes of one of the brothers; and of Cambridge, where another fell. That lad is now a man of peace, and counts war a calamity; less, however, to be deplored than bondage. And from his heart he honors the memory of the dead, whether they fell by disease, or the bullet, or bayonet. Now they who slumber here, were the sons of revolutionary sires and mothers; trained to the motto, "God and our country," they flew to the banner of freedom. The father and mother loved the son, but proudly, and with Spartan firmness, sent him forth. He came not again. When he died, he thought of home and wept, but hoped he had done his duty to his country, and that his memory might be cherished. And so hoped the parents. Vain hope! In 1846, Hon. Asa Fowler, of Concord, introduced a resolution in the House of Representatives, having as its object the erection of a suitable monument to their memory. It failed, however; and the soldier sleeps unremembered, but not undisturbed, for from time to time the spade of the sexton breaks in upon their repose, and makes room for a felon's corpse.

Here sleep the ashes of departed convicts. It is, perhaps, well that they should fall into forgetfulness, since even their personal friends could not wish their merits to disclose,

Or draw their frailties from their dread abode, Where they alike in trembling hope repose, The bosom of their father and their God."

But one cannot well avoid feeling deep sorrow, as, standing on this neglected spot, he thinks how different might have been the life and death of these men. How many of them, might have been 21 good, or even comparatively great men. "Who can say? We need not extravagantly muse.

" Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire, Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed, Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

But those are here sleeping now who possessed a strong intellect or a kind heart, or untiring activity or indomitable courage. But there was no restraining, guiding, helping hand, just when such aid was indispensable. The child was left to the direction that bad influence gave; and if

" A dew-drop on the tender plant May warp the giant oak forever,"

it is not strange that the combined influence of multifarious evils should have produced the sad results. Let no one, then, walk with a proud heart and a lofty footstep over these humble graves; or impiously " thank God that he is not as other men, or even as these poor publicans." Be humble, and remember that the conferring of superior advantages, has placed you under increased responsibilities; and it shall be more tolerable for the tenants of these unhonored graves, in the day of judgment, than for you, unless the bounteous culture of your youth is crowned with a life of piety. And I cannot doubt that when the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God shall wake the dead, there shall come forth from these graves some whom Jesus will acknowledge as his sons. Some who, when all else was lost— friends, reputation, liberty— fled to their only refuge. By penitence and humble prayer, they sought a better than an earthly portion. God, whose "grace aboundeth to the chief of sinners," heard and accepted. Though they died in prison, they died in peace. This shall give us comfort as we turn away from this sad spot of earth. In the day of general harvest it shall yield to " the reapers— the angels," some sheaves.

CHAPTER XXII.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

THAT religion, (by which I mean the "love of God," showing itself in deeds of love to all of human kind,) is achieving its victories, and more and more prevailing; that it is not only visiting the dark habitations of cruelty in Pagan lands, and subduing the ferocious passions of the heathen world; but that it

" Spreads undivided, operates unspent;"

or that, in other words, it increases in vitality and efficiency at home, it seems no intelligent man will deny. Not that every individual is more religious now than a year since, or that every local church is more active or prosperous. But taking our communities as a whole, surveying the Christian world as our field of observation, and who does not rejoice to find the proposition well sustained. We are to judge of religion by its fruits. By this rule of judgment, compare the present with a half century

past, and what do we find to be the result. Whether we take into account the codes of law of all existing constitutional governments, or the morals of the people, or the prevalence of charity, forbearance and good fellowship, among the various religious denominations, we arrive at the same conclusion. The change in all these respects is most gratifying.

But in no view does progress exhibit its blessed results more than in the condition of our prisons, and the treatment of convicts.

The first prison building erected in Concord, was built in 1811 and 1812. I suppose it was constructed after the best models of that day. Its walls are of granite and of great strength. Its floors and partitions of the same material. Indeed granite and iron are the only materials to which the convicts have access, except their scanty articles of furniture and their clothing. The building is about eighty feet by thirty, and three stories. An aisle runs through each story, ten feet wide, and on each side of this, and built on the outward wall of the building, are the cells in which the convicts were kept when not at work. These cells were ten feet square, and six and a half feet high.

They were entered by heavy iron doors, fastened by enormous padlocks and bars. Into each of them from four to six men were put, and spent all their time in unrestrained intercourse with each other, unless they became so noisy as to disturb others. The only chance for ventilation was an aperture left in the outer wall, twenty inches by three, and what little might be had through a small space of perhaps an inch wide at the top and bottom of the cell door.

In the heat of summer imagine what must be the state of the atmosphere when, as is often the case, we have a week or ten days of intense heat, and the stone walls seem as if heated by fire. Even when well ventilated, at such times they become very uncomfortable; what then must they have been when scarcely the least circulation could be had. Added to this, the habits of the prisoners were not so well attended to formerly as now. Many of them were disgustingly filthy. Most of them used tobacco; and added to all, the night vessels of a half dozen men, shut up during the winter months, for from fourteen to sixteen hours daily, and in summer from twelve to fourteen. In the winter there was of course, no heat introduced, no fire, no protection whatever from the cold, but what the cold granite walls, and their scanty clothing and bedding afforded. Imagine if you can the sufferings of men, with the thermometer at from zero, to twenty-five degrees below, compelled to turn in from work shops and spend the night as best they could. The wind, keen and piercing, finds its way through the apertures of ventilation, and through the crevices of the door. Almost perishing with cold, they take from their scanty store of clothing, and close up their only channels of ventilation. They thus purchased a little mitigation of suffering from the cold, but at the expense of fresh air, and had their choice of evils, whether to freeze or suffocate. Some would prefer the one, and some the other, hence furious quarrels would frequently occur, and blows be given and returned, officers called in, and punishments; for who does not deserve severe punishment for refusing to be quiet when so very comfortable. To me it is quite surprising that any man could live a year, under such a state of things. And then during the cold storms of spring and autumn, the poor fellows must come from their work in a state of perspiration, and first marching

their rounds in the rain, pass to their cells, which never felt the influence of fire, and pass the nights as best they could in utter darkness.

The shops in which the men wrought, were miserably poor, choked with dust and smoke, ill-constructed, and badly ventilated. The poor fellows found but little comfort by day, and less by night. Now, my friend, just step in with me and visit the prison of 1855. Here are the shops for work, of convenient size and form, and arrangement. Suitable avenues abundantly ventilate, and carry off the dust and smoke. The floor and ceiling, and all the furniture is clean and neat.

The work is made easy by machinery. All the men, without looking up or around them, keep busy at work. No one is hurried or overworked, and every thing is as neat and well conducted as the best shops outside. Here as we pass on to the hall, are the rooms for cooking, which is performed by steam. Every thing here is neat. Pass on: here is the hall, and in its centre are the cells. There are three tiers, one above another, making on both sides one hundred and twenty cells. These are the bedrooms of the convicts. The furniture consists of a chair, a couch, turning up to the side of the cell when not in use, and provided with clean and comfortable bedding, and the shelf containing the bible and other good books, writing apparatus, slate, a small looking-glass, and the printed "rules of the prison."

Around the hall, and between the cells and the prison walls, is a spacious walk of some ten feet in width. Part of each cell door is grated, and the hall and the cells well ventilated, and kept clean by frequent sweeping, dusting, and the application of whitewash. The shades of night come on, and the brilliant gas lights illuminate the hall and cells beautifully. By day, the well cleaned glass admits the light freely. In cold weather the whole is warmed by steam pipes, and the degree regulated by a thermometer. Accommodations for clothing are also provided, and all are required to cleanse themselves and keep everything about them neat. So much for the physical change. Now look at the mental and moral.

In the first place we have seen that from four to six convicts were formerly placed in one cell, and had unrestrained liberty to converse with each other during all the time they were not at work; hence originated frequent plans for escape. So many experienced rogues laying their wits together could but form plans difficult to detect, and frequently successful. To this they were farther driven by their physical sufferings. These made them desperate; and believing they could not fare much worse, they would enter readily into any plans that seemed likely to bring about any change. In some instances such plans would occupy the minds of a gang a whole year, and require the labor of months. The officers were vigilant and faithful, but in some cases an ominous hole in the wall, and an empty cell would show, that intense

"suffering and mutual counsel would make men shrewd. This, however, was not the worst of it. The officers could not avoid placing men of commanding talent, leaders in wickedness, and giants in crime in the same cell with young men, and men just commencing a life of guilt and infamy. To have put a company of the worst men together, would have been to set them to butcher each other, and beside the character of the convicts would not always be known. Suppose then, a young man for his first offense, now enters a cell for the first time. He is penitent, for he is not an old offender. On his way to the prison he was thinking of home, and mother, and sister. O, how the

sight of the granite structure chilled his soul. How his heart sunk within him as he entered, and he fully purposed to reform. His first crime should be his last one. Such was his resolution when he first walked into his cell, and such his determination as looking out through the narrow aperture he saw the sun setting, and thought of home. But the bell rings, the convicts come in, the cell's company enter, rough, hard men. He looks up and shrinks from them. The impress of guilt is upon their countenances; the language of hell upon their lips. He trembles and weeps, but they laugh at his tears, and half pitying, half jeering, tell him to cheer up, and they will make a smart fellow of him. And what room is there to hope in such a case? The poor fellow may hold on to his purposes of amendment; but will he be likely to do so? Is it not almost reduced to a moral certainty that, corrupted by the moral atmosphere, seduced by the tales of successful villainy, and hardened by profane and obscene conversation, he will lose all his good resolutions, forget all his solemn vows, abandon himself to the pursuit of vice and crime, and be ruined forever.

Is a convict in such circumstances exercised with anxiety relative to his sinful state; and does he weep at the remembrance of his sins, he is soon marked, and by a thousand arts, such as few have sagacity or firmness to resist, his ruin is sought, and generally effected. A very worthy and pious man, once an officer in our prison, informed me that in pursuance of his duty, he had often listened at their cell doors, and had, hundreds of times, been shocked at such language as he had nowhere else heard. An old and hardened offender would be relating to the listening company, how he had managed to ruin some innocent and unsuspecting female; artfully giving his story a form and finish that would leave the most deleterious impression on the mind of his auditors. Another would give a relation of some successful attempt to rob or steal, interlarded with incidents of hairbreadth escapes or reckless adventure; feats of prison breaking, the best way of eluding the officers of justice, or escaping detection by involving others in suspicion, would come up as themes of conversation; and when the stock of original matter became exhausted, some one would commence a tale of murder, or piracy, or highway robbery, which he had read, and thus the conversation and the interest were kept up. O, how many convicts have thus, in former years, been trained to crime. They have graduated from the prison ripe for the pursuit of vice. They have gone out to be leaders in iniquity, and with the knowledge here gained, have been the terror of community, for years having learned, among other things, how to avoid detection.

Under the present arrangement, there can be but little communication between the convicts. By day each keeps at his work, and does not even cast a look at his fellow workmen. All are under the eye of an overseer, and no opportunity occurs for conversation, except with the very few who are employed as cooks, or in some service in the yard; and these are selected from the quiet and well disposed class. Hence, all the corrupting influence of former years has ceased; an improvement of incalculable value. It is frequently asked: Is it not cruel to forbid men to look at each other, or to converse together? From free conversation with the convicts, I am persuaded that the most intelligent class of them do not desire it: and especially such as are desirous of profiting by their imprisonment. It affords no satisfaction to one who has a regard for reputation, to have his countenance scrutinized by every anxious visitor. To be

looked at as a vicious wild beast, and to know that comments are being made on his character, as well as opinions formed and expressed as to the indications of his face. Most of the convicts had rather not meet the eye of such visitors; and though at first it requires some care, and perhaps is really a privation, yet soon it becomes easy, and not disagreeable. And as to conversation with other convicts, I think most of them are convinced of the wisdom of that rule, however it might be pleasant to hear the human voice in social intercourse.

But the greatest improvement in the management of prisons, after all, is found in the direct and well-aimed effort to promote the mental and moral welfare of the men. The true end of punishment seems to have been ascertained. Formerly, it was supposed to be wholly vindictive, or retaliatory. "Imprison him because he deserves it." "Punish him, for men must learn to respect the majesty of the law." Hence, the system was a very simple one, and well expressed in that vulgar saying, "take it out of his hide," "lay on," "give it to him."

This view of the subject was seen by kind-hearted men to be false and inhuman, and in their detestation of it, they embraced an error on the opposite extreme. So true it is that the movements of the public mind are like the vibrations of a pendulum; from one extreme to its opposite. The error of these good men consisted in overlooking the claims of justice altogether, and making all punishment disciplinary, or rather in discarding altogether the idea of punishment. Their doctrine was this: The only end of imprisonment is the reform of the offender. Hence, if the man comes to a better state of mind, and gives good evidence of true reform, he should be at once released. Why not? True, he may have been a burglar, or even of a higher grade of criminals, but then the end of punishment is reached, and there punishment should cease. It certainly should, my kind-hearted friend, if your theory is true; but you forget, "The law is to be a terror to evil doers." Its claims must be regarded; its penalties suffered, at least so far as to secure the end above named. the making it a "terror to evil doers," and giving security to community against crime.

But let it once be understood that the claims of the law cease when the criminal relents; that punishment shall continue only while obstinacy continues, and where is the "terror of the law." A man inclined to sin, reasons thus: "Beside my chance for escaping detection, if brought to justice I shall only be dealt with in a way and to an extent to cure me of this propensity. I can close up the account with justice at any moment I please, by a profession of sorrow and promise of amendment; and up to that point what I may suffer being altogether of a remedial character, I ought not to dread it." Such would be the reasoning of a man capable of looking into the subject. Now both of these views take in truth, but neither of them the whole truth. The penalty of the violated law should, doubtless, be suffered as punishment, and thus community find protection in that fear of the law which in that case would be inspired in the minds of evil men. Thus the magistrate would "bear not the sword in vain."

But at the same time, such punishment should be so inflicted as to reform the sinner. This object should never be lost sight of. The kind, and degree, and duration of punishment should always be determined by a consideration of both these objects. This is copying the divine administration, and incorporating into our code of human law the great principles of the divine government.

Losing sight of the reformatory object of punishment, but little was done to instruct the intellect, or benefit the heart. "We have seen how fatal to all hope of improvement, (except in evil,) was the old method of imprisonment. And, of course, no active efforts, (had they been made,) would have been likely to work reform. Suppose that good books had been introduced, there was no sufficient light by day, by which to read, and none at all by night. Then there would have been but little disposition to read where, of a group of a half dozen, most wished to talk on matters or subjects more gratifying to their corrupt minds; and a sober, studious convict would find but little enjoyment amid such interruptions as would continually occur. And, supposing, at long intervals, some good man should volunteer to preach a sermon to these poor outcasts, his words would be likely to avail but little. "Why are we frozen and suffocated, and treated with such inhumanity?" would very naturally be a question that would arise on going back to their cells. "The preacher said we must love our enemies, and do good to all men; feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and commiserating and relieving the distressed; and that all men were alike created, redeemed and cared for by God. Our law-makers and administrators of justice are Christian men; and yet who thinks of us as brethren, or cares for us? "We want none of their religion or their preaching. We want the fresh air of heaven, and protection from the frosts of winter."

Such would be, at least, the feeling of men suffering cruelly and needlessly. How often they heard preaching I cannot determine with certainty, but it must have been very seldom; and as to books and papers, they were prohibited. I have been told that a convict was most severely punished for the offence of having in possession a part of a leaf of a religious tract. The poor fellow said he found it in the prison yard. Probably the winds of heaven, more merciful than man, had wafted this little messenger of truth to the sad convict, with information that Jesus loved him, and that he received sinners still. He confessed to having read it and secreted it upon his person. This was a disobedience not to be forgiven, and he was punished. I do not suppose the officer was a cruel man above others. He probably regretted the necessity that was laid upon him. It was the fault of the times, not of that man.

But O, think of it; you who are groaning over the degeneracy of the age; you whose perpetual lamentation is heard, "O, tempora! O, mores!" Look at this: a poor trembling culprit punished according to law, and without one note of dissent from the people of that golden age, for reading on a fragment of a leaf, a sentence of precious truth, that saves the soul. "Say not in thy heart: Why were the former days better than these; for in so saying thou dost not inquire wisely." Mark the change; scarcely does the cell door close upon the prisoner, when a pleasant countenance looks through the grates, and speaks to him of home, and wife, and child; of parent, brother, sister; of God, our common father; Jesus, our redeemer; and heaven, our home.

Then comes the teaching, which goes steadily forward. The Sabbath, with its rest and its teaching, and its prayers, and holy ordinances, blesses his prison life; and then the library, rich with books, suited to the wants and wishes of all; gathered with care and expense from all parts of the country and world. The bright sun shines beautifully through the well cleaned windows, on truths of vast importance; on pages full of attraction and useful history, or anecdote. The evening comes, and by the brilliant gas-light he still pursues his studies. Is he illiterate on coming to prison, he is

urged, encouraged, and assisted to read and write. Does he succeed in this, he takes up other branches of study, and makes proficiency. The discipline that forbids his looking around by day, and deprives him of conversation by day or night, is favorable to serious and habitual thinking, and compels him to seek the company and instruction of books. He has constantly urged upon his attention the importance of improvement, and is encouraged to look for better days. Frequent letters come to him from friends, like cheering cordials to a fainting man; and the privilege of communicating with friends, binds him more closely to them, and to the memory of past days of innocence; inspiring the hope that life will yet be worth something to him. All this gives a sense of God's mercy, that forsakes not the penitent.

" There is mercy in every place;

And mercy, encouraging thought, Gives even affliction a grace, And reconciles man to his lot."

The humane provision made for the comfort of the convict, impresses his mind favorably toward religion. He can but mark the contrast between 260 PRISON EEMINISCENCES.

his vicious companions who seduced him from the way of life, and in whose hearts the sentiments of peace and exalted friendship never dwelt; and the true, sincere and generous friendship of good men, whose precepts and example both lead to virtue and to God.

But " what are the results?" is the question. How does the character of discharged convicts compare with those of the early history of our prison. It would not be difficult to prove from statistics, the superiority of our present system. I suppose all will grant that a re-commitment to prison is evidence that the design of punishment is not met in the case of such an one; and that the comparative frequency of re-commitments will show which system is the most efficient. And I find, on a careful examination of the prison records, that re-commitments were far more common during the first twenty years than during the last twenty; averaging, I think, in proportion of two to one; and this, too, notwithstanding the intense sufferings of the former period, and the comparative comfort of the last. And the reputation of discharged convicts is certainly vastly better. Formerly, when a man was known as having been from the state prison, he was looked upon with dread, if not with detestation. The children fled into the house as he went by. Females grew pale, and avoided his presence; and all the more carefully locked their doors and secured their property. Now, to be sure, we watch the man for a time; but how soon, if he conducts himself well, he meets the approval and kindness of the better part of community. If honest and industrious, a few months places him in the public regard where he can set up an honorable business; and go on, to some extent at least, untrammelled by a recollection of his former condition. And with a few years of faithfulness, he becomes rather a favorite with the people, who, perhaps, take to themselves a share of the praise due his worthy course, as having encouraged him— a claim which we by no means repudiate.

Grateful for partial success, let the friends of the erring and degraded take courage. Other, perhaps greater improvements, will yet be made. God will inquire of us concerning these men. He now inquires, "Where is thy brother? " Let no one be so forgetful of duty,, so false to sacred trusts, so unpitying, so infidel, as to ask insultingly,

"Am I my brother's keeper? " Like the great Father of all, let us learn to care for all. Like the blessed Saviour, let us seek and save the lost. The more depraved and degenerate, the louder do their miseries call for our pity, and the 262 PRISON BEMINISCENCES.

greater will be our triumph in success, and the higher our reward in heaven.

" Now thou mayest give The famished food, the prisoner liberty, Light to the darkened mind; to the lost soul, A place in heaven. Take thou the privilege With solemn gratitude. Speak, as thou art Upon the earth's surface; gloriously exult To be co-worker with the King of kings."

CHAPTER XIII.

FAREWELL SEBMON.

" Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thought, whether it be good or whether it be evil."— ECCL. xii. 13,14.

As in the conclusion of a sermon there is a summing up of all the doctrines and duties set forth and used, and suitable considerations presented to enforce attention to those doctrines, and the performance of those duties, so the author of this book concludes his work, "Let us," andc.

And in humble imitation of the great " Preacher of Israel," I propose to close my labors with you. My ministry of nine years is to close this hour. I have honestly, (0, that it had been with more faith, and love, and zeal,) yes honestly set forth, explained, and enforced the great doctrines of our holy Christianity, and these have been taken up, sometimes separately, and each made the subject of a discourse. At other times I have treated of them in their relations to each other. It has been my aim to "preach Christ fully," and to "keep back nothing that might be profitable to you." And in like manner I have urged its duties, showing that any other than a practical religion is vain.

And you will bear me witness that I have not shunned to declare unto you the consequences both of a virtuous and a vicious life; saying to the righteous it shall be well with him, for he shall eat the fruit of his doings, and "Woe to the wicked, it shall be ill with him for the reward of his hands shall be given him."

My sermon of nine years is now near its close. " Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter." I have said the text is a summary of Christianity. It teaches internal and external religion.

1. Internal: "Fear God." The term fear is not here used in what is with us its common signification, viz: a painful sense of danger, but rather in the sense of reverence. It is not the result of guilt, or the anticipation of punishment, but a fear compatible with love. " It is," says one, " a holy affection, wrought in the heart by God." It is, therefore, only another name for inward piety implanted by the gracious power of God.

And this inward, spiritual work is indispensable. There is for it no substitute. " Ye must be born again," is the decision of your souls' physician, and is addressed as well to the learned and amiable

Nicodemus, as to the most ignorant and immoral of mankind. Not but Christianity marks partly all grades of character,- and judges of every man according to his deeds. But so corrupt, so fallen is degenerate man, that

" No outward forms can make us clean, The leprosy lies deep within."

I charge you now most earnestly never to entertain the thought that any thing less than a true moral renovation, a new creation in Christ Jesus, can meet the divine requirement; nothing less than this can qualify you for life; nothing less can make you meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. Until then the impure fountain will send forth impure waters, and the bad tree continue to yield bad fruit. Should you ever be disposed to content yourself with any partial reform, or to satisfy yourself by the performance of mere external religious service, remember I pray you, that your Saviour has decided otherwise. He who formed and who redeemed the soul, and who knows all its woes, and all its wants has decided, "Ye must be born, gain." As a sinner, a guilty sinner, you must have pardon of all past transgressions, and deliverance from that overwhelming sense of guilt, which brands the sinner's soul as a fallen spirit, a being to whom 23 the image of God is lost. You must be regenerated. As a candidate for a holy heaven you must be sanctified wholly, soul, body and spirit, that with the church triumphant, you may say exulting, "Unto Him who loved us and washed us in His own blood, be glory and dominion forever and ever."

And this great inward work you have been taught is to be earnestly sought after. You are to "strive to enter in at the straight gate," to seek first this inward kingdom, to make it the one great object of your life to secure it, suffering no other claim to precede, no other work to interfere with the early and certain obtainment of this " pearl of great price." At the same time you have learned how your infinitely gracious God has provided for your salvation.

You have been taught that as " all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," so Jesus by " the grace of God, tasted death for every man. That as all have gone out of the way," so Jesus was " lifted up that he might draw all nations unto Him;" and that in " suffering the just for the unjust, it was that he might bring us to God." Agreeing to this foundation thus laid for the hope of the guilty, all the influences of God's spirit, and all the promises and invitations of His word are universal. A measure of His spirit is given to every man to profit withal, and " whosoever will, may come and take of the water of life freely.

And from this you have often been reminded that should any one of you gain eternal blessedness, his salvation must be ascribed to the grace of God, for " of his mercy he saved us j" and on the other hand, should any one experience the bitter pains of eternal death, that soul would be self-ruined. And finally, as we shall see more particularly hereafter, you have been taught to expect the day when God shall sit in judgment and yourself be judged.

2. Our text speaks of external religion. "Keep his commandments." There are commandments that have respect to God. That we cultivate a spirit of piety in all our habits of thinking, communing with God in our hearts, and in all our conversation, never allowing a profane word to pollute our lips, speaking always with reverence of every thing sacred.

Nothing is more destructive of all veneration and reverence than the shocking and disgusting habit of profane swearing. " Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth." God has also said, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and

prohibited the pursuits of pleasure or wealth. "In it thou shalt do no work." It is God's time, and terrible have been the results of

Sabbath breaking in all ages. Many of you will call to mind that here commenced the course that led to this place. The sound of the church-going bell called you to God's house. You lingered. Its last tone died away on your ear, and you were standing with those young men at the corner of the streets. The happy and pure hearts had entered the sanctuary, and you were left with the unprincipled.

Your better feelings at the first revolted at your choice of companions. Tender recollections of home and friends came over you, pleading with you to avoid the evil and to choose the good. You hesitated, but urged by those fine young men in so friendly a manner just to "take a walk," you yielded. Again and again you were shocked at the recklessness of your companions, and often resolved that that day should close up your acquaintance. But another Sabbath came, and with it the tempter and the temptation, and at the close of another desecrated Sabbath you felt less compunction than at the first. You had joined more fully in profane conversation, and taken a more active part in iniquity, and felt a relish for sin you had not felt before.

Your scruples were giving way, your repugnance for vileness weakening, and from familiarity with sin you became a ruined young man.

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien, As to be hated needs but to be seen; But seen too oft, familiar with its face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

This, in substance, has been the history of many a young man I now address. Had you yielded to the dictates of your better judgment, how different would have been the result. This hour you would have been with that family circle busily preparing for the house of God, and now walking in company to the consecrated place. The eye of that mother would be turned to your guiltless countenance with all of a mother's love and hope. That father with honest pride would think of you as worthy to bear the family name, and as sure to transmit its good character and possessions to another generation.

And you of more advanced years would have been leading forth your prattling happy children, and your beloved wife going up to God's sanctuary to seek his blessing. I know these thoughts are painful, and we only indulge them to fix more deeply in your minds this important truth that God's command, "remember the Sabbath day," must 23 not be trifled with. O, as you hope for any permanent good in yourselves, from this place keep that day holy.

I do not recollect of an instance in which a man discharged from this prison has become a regular attendant on public worship, but such an one has done well. All who have been returned, and all who have done badly, are of those who seldom or never have kept the Sabbath. There are commandments that regard yourself principally. Not one of you should forget that you belong to God. He has given you charge of a human body. You are to regard its health and vigor. God will require it at your hands. You have no right by gluttony, or intemperance, or licentiousness, to break down that tabernacle so "fearfully and wonderfully made." Sad and sickening has been the experience of many I now address. From the occasional dram, to the more frequent draught; from the moderate, to the immoderate use of strong drink; from the respectable hotel bar, to the low groggery bar; and thence to the bar of justice.

How little you dreamed that this was the natural course of events; and when some kind friend intimated to you that you might yet become intemperate, you knew not whether to laugh at what you deemed his groundless fears, or to resent what you thought an insult. But the fears of your friends were prophetic, and to you the matter is one of painful and disgusting experience. I will not hold the sad story up to you. Memory often performs that office; hence those tears, hence the groans and sighs that often break the stillness of the night, and arrest the ear of the vigilant watchman as he slowly treads his accustomed rounds.

As it wa's remarked of Sabbath breaking, so of drinking. Few that wholly refrain, do well on going out; few that drink at all, do well. My hope of the virtue and integrity of a discharged convict dies at once, when I know he has taken but a single dram, and especially if he had formerly been intemperate. There is but one rule for such, viz.: " Touch not, taste not, handle not."

Equally destl-uctive of health, and life, and morals, is the sin of licentiousness. How clearly and terribly do the sacred writers speak of this vice. " For her house inclineth unto death, and her paths to the dead." None that go unto her return again, neither take they hold upon the paths of life. Terrible sayings. The thoughtless man may be slow to believe them, " but the end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two edged sword." "Remove thy way from her, and come not nigh the door of her house, lest thou mourn at the last when the flesh and the body are consumed.

" Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned; can one go on hot coals and his feet not be burned." " He goeth after her as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or till a dart strike through his liver, and knoweth not it is for his life." "Her house is where? On what street or road is it? It is in the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." Now remember that every step you take towards her detestable dwelling is a step towards death and hell, and few. that go thus far towards such an end ever return.

There are duties you owe yourselves as intellectual beings. God never intended your mind should be like a barren and uncultivated field. He has made it your duty to develop, nd train its faculties, to avail yourselves of all the means within your reach to get wisdom nd understanding, to store your minds richly with all knowledge, and to accustom yourselves to patient and serious thought and reflection. Do not conclude because the morning of your life has been unpropitious, or perhaps wickedly unimproved, that, therefore, that there is no hope for you:

" For knowledge to your eyes her ample page, Rich with the spoils of time doth still unroll."

You may, you should yet make great and successful efforts to be a man, an intelligent man. God demands it. You will otherwise be faithless to yourself as well as to God. Again, there are duties you owe yourselves as religious beings. O, man, thou hast

" A never dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky."

Thou art a lost spirit, " an alien from the Commonwealth of Israel." Thy principal business is to come back to God. To regain the divine image, to secure a title to an inheritance in heaven, and by " a patient continuance in well doing," hold thyself in readiness for a summons to: His presence where is fullness of joy, and to his right hand where are pleasures forevermore."

There are duties you owe to others.— It is but little you can do at present to meet those obligations, except in way of preparation for your anticipated liberty.

And when that day comes, ere you leave your cell, kneel down and earnestly pray God to aid you in your social duties. You who have a father or a mother, go and let that old withered hand grasp yours; go and see how age and grief, a grief for you, has bowed down and enfeebled those faithful ones, go and seek forgiveness and the parental blessing. If you love them go quickly, lest

"Death have swifter wings than love."

And you whose companion has suffered a thousand deaths on your account, O, hasten to greet that faithful one. You will see her more pale and feeble than when you saw her last. Gray hairs- are more thickly interspersed. The rose no longer blooms on that cheek; it has left forever. Sorrow has imprinted its deep lines upon that countenance. Now you will spare no effort to comfort her who for all these long years has retained her love for you. O, let every hour in which God may permit you the privilege, be devoted to her happiness; otherwise, dreadful will be your account.

To your children be a good father; those little ones have often thought of you. When their little playmates have gone out to meet their father coming from his daily toil, they have thought of you; and when their lone mother wept, they thought of you. Let them find in you a true father, kind, faithful, diligent. Go up with that family to God's house, and worship in his temple. Gather them around the family altar, and teach them the knowledge and the fear of God. And as you mingle once more with community use all proper efforts to regain your position in the world. You will find no doubt, that man will stand in doubt of you. Good and judicious men, while they would by no means unnecessarily wound your feelings, or entertain unreasonable suspicions, will, nevertheless, give you their confidence gradually, and as they see it deserved? Nor should you regret this. It is the only confidence that will be enduring. That which is hastily and without reason given, may be as hastily and unreasonably withdrawn. But when by a "faithful continuance in well-doing," you gain the confidence of community, then so long as you hold on your course you can rely on that confidence.

And do not trouble yourself much if you find at first your former friends rather cool and distant. You can if you will regain what you have lost in this respect. Only be patient, meek and faithful, and especially of all men it most behooves you to entertain the most scrupulous regard for the law of the land. Show your desire to be a good citizen by obeying all the laws under which you live, even those less important than some others, or those frequently violated by many who claim to be good citizens. Regard all these; ever cultivate a habit of obeying every ordinance of the constituted authorities. A violation of some unimportant law might, perhaps, save you some little labor at some time, but the well formed habit of always doing right, will a thousand fold remunerate.

Some of you have no parent, or companion, or home to which to resort when you shall be free. Cast yourself on your Heavenly Father, and go forth confident of success through his good Providence. Seek a home and employment with the virtuous; shun as you would death itself vile company. By no means, and for no consideration whatever, associate with such. Though your wages are small, better labor for a bare subsistence,

with a good employer and good associates, than hazard your integrity by engaging in the employ of a bad man, or with vile associates.

And better a thousand times that you should have no intimates than that you should select bad ones. Good friends will be found; be not fearful. It will be better for you for a time not to rush into company. Be a serious, thoughtful man; commune with your own heart and with your God, and all matters pertaining to social life will in Providence be well arranged.

Having thus summed up the duties you owe to God, to yourselves, and your fellow men, I now come to our second general division, viz:

The argument to enforce obedience.—"For God will bring every work into judgment, with every secret thought, whether it be good or whether it be evil."

The doctrine here taught is this, that God takes account of every man's life, and will bring him to hear the rendering. The doctrine of a future retribution has been the doctrine of believers in revelation in all ages, with few exceptions; and is in fact recognized in all religions, Pagan, Jewish, Mohammedan, or Christian. God's justice is concerned to bring man to an account at some time and in some way, to reward or punish him according to his deservings. But this is not done in the present life. Therefore we are to look for it hereafter. Attempts have been made to prove that men are punished according to their deservings in this life; but I think few, very few, are fully convinced of this. The truth that this life is not fully, at least, a retributive state, is clear. The numberless cases in which men are not and cannot be punished in this state of being, and especially the consideration that we are responsible for the results of our wickedness after we are dead, are, to most, conclusive proofs that we are to be judged in another state.

But the word of the Lord settles the question. 24

Mark the passages that refer to this matter and you find that 1. They always speak of the judgment as a future event. "For God shall (not does) bring into judgment." "For we must (not do) all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

2. They fix the event at a definite day. It is a day. "The day of judgment." "The great day." And Paul at Athens declares, "He hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness."

3. They describe the judgment of those who had long been dead as still future. "I say unto you it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for thee"—(the inhabitants of Chorazin and Bethsaida.) Showing that the people then addressed would stand at the same tribunal and on the same day with men who had slumbered in death a thousand years before.

4. It is after death. "It is appointed unto man once to die, and after that the judgment. And he shall at the same time judge the quick (those found alive at the time of his coming,) and the dead."

5. It is at his second coming, "When the Son of man shall come in all his glory, and all the holy angels with him. Then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all

nations." Then follows a description of that eventful occasion. The declaration of the character; the fixing the destiny; the final separation, and the endless doom.

6. It is at the end of the world. " I saw a great white throne, and him who sat on it. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God. And the books were opened; and the dead were judged out of the things found written therein. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged, every man according to their works. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death." Such is the testimony of God's word. No doctrine is more clearly taught; for God would have every man know that for all these things he will bring them into judgment.

How solemn a conclusion. Here is a subject of infinite importance to us all. Is it so?

" And must I be to judgment brought,

And answer in that day, For every vain and idle thought, And every word I say?

" Yes, every secret of my heart

Shall shortly be made known; And I receive my just desert For all that I have done."

And you, more than others, can entertain some just conception of standing at a judgment seat, where matters of great personal interest are pending. Others have been there only as spectators, and listened with no other feelings than curiosity, or at most of sympathy. It was far otherwise with you. Events you can never forget, had brought you there; and in every one of the transactions of the day, you felt an awful interest. And how deeply impressed on your memory are all those transactions. The countenance of the judge, and of the jurors; the appearance of the crowd assembled, the reading of the indictment, the opening remarks of the prosecuting attorney, and the witnesses. O, how you scanned every sentence; and how your hope rose or fell according to the strength of evidence elicited. And how you listened to the pleadings, and especially the charge to the jury. They retire, and in awful suspense you wait. How slowly those two or three hours passed. They seemed as so many days. At length you sit once more in the seat of crime. There they are, those twelve men who hold your destiny in their hand. How painful the silence of that moment you now well remember; but that silence is broken; the dread question is asked: and that word, how it fell upon your ear, and crushed your heart—Guilty. Oh, that word, so terribly significant. But why do I speak of these things? Not to distress you wantonly. O, no; but if possible, to deepen in your minds a sense of the importance of that day when

" The judge descending, thunders from afar, And all mankind are summoned to his bar."

And while, in many respects, the past presents similarities to the coming judgment, in others, and very important respects, they differ.

If, on your trial at the bar of your country, you were the victims of perjury, or by the concurrence of unfortunate circumstances, your jurors misjudged, or moved by prejudice, condemned an innocent man, no such wrong judgment will overtake you there. See then

" The volume opened; opened every heart, A sunbeam pointing out each secret thought."

The just man hath nothing to fear, therefore; nor has the guilty anything to hope. No lack of evidence, no imperfection in the law, no error in the proceeding. The books

shall be opened, and the dead judged out of the things found written therein. " The books," the record of our lives, the pages of which are now filling up. That book " of leaves 24 more durable than those of brass," on the pages of which the recording angel is now writing it, shall be opened. Nor can justice be deceived, or bribed; we shall receive, every one " according to the deeds done in the body." In the sentence which consigned you to this place, there was a limit. At farthest, it must end at death; and hope, that in this life " springs eternal in the human breast," suggested thoughts of pardon, or escape, or liberation by some means. But not so the sinner doomed by the great judge. He is "to go away into everlasting punishment," through that gate on which is written

" Who enters here must bid all hope farewell."

O, man, think of this, and learn to dread the judgment of the great day as an unpardoned sinner. The constant recollection of this, is proposed by the wise man as a preventive of evil-doing, and an incentive to good. We are to have it always in mind, and think, and speak, and act, with reference thereto. This will keep back our hand from doing wrong in the day of temptation— the thought, the judge is at the door; and this will regulate our worldly desires and pursuits.

" Great day of dread decision and despair, At thought of thee each sublunary wish, Lets go its eager grasp, drops the poor world, And catches at each reed of hope in heaven."

CONCLUSION.

THIS day closes my ministry of nine years in this place. They have been years of much physical suffering to me, such as few can conceive of, though I have generally attended to the duties of my ministry. I have endeavored to bear in mind that my congregation were occupying a point in life which would, in all probability, determine their future course, and endless destiny; and as many of my sermons were to be the last to some one, I have felt that each should be selected and preached for present results. I have found no time for speculative preaching, or for discussing subjects foreign to the soul's salvation. I shall look back with some degree of pleasure to those years, while I live. The uniform respect you have shown me, surpassed by no congregation to which I have ever preached, the eagerness with which you have listened to my words, the earnestness which you have manifested to understand " the way to the Lord," and the evident improvement of nearly all, in knowledge, and of many, I trust, in goodness, have made these years of great interest to me, and I can never forget them. The pleasure I feel in this review is, however, mingled with regret that I have done no more, and in no better spirit of devotedness. May I " find mercy of the Lord in that day."

And I am sad too, when I think how many to whom I have preached Jesus, are still strangers to him. Years of loneliness, wearisome, dark, dismal years have been suffered; containing more of human misery than any but the experienced can conceive of. Privations and separations, of the most painful character, have been endured in vain. It is a melancholy thought, that justice and mercy have combined to save such, and in vain. The laborer cultivates his fields with care, watches over the springing blade and the unripe fruit, with unsparing vigilance, and looks with joyous exultation to the rich harvest which shall repay his toil and care. But in one fatal night all his

hopes perish. The untimely frosts have withered his fair fields; and they are now a wide, desolation. Yet in this case, sad as it is, there is the alleviating consideration that the destruction came to the owner, not by any fault of his. He can bow in submission to an inevitable providence, the wisdom of which he cannot question; and trust that he who has destroyed, and who is the proprietor of the silver and gold, and the cattle on a thousand hills, can and will provide.

But how much more to be deplored, when all you suffer here, and all the care and culture bestowed to bring a harvest unto eternal life, fails. "No fruits of holiness on your dead souls are found," and the fault is yours. God asks " what could I do that I have not done? " All his treasures of wisdom and knowledge have been exhausted, but judgments have not moved. Mercy has not triumphed. The reason he announces: "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life."

I trust, however, that many to whom I have ministered, have made good improvement; that the seed has not always fallen on stony places, but that it has produced its thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold. Often am I greeted with demonstrations of strong affection, by men whom I meet in my occasional wanderings. Men who had once belonged to this congregation; and who became virtuous, perhaps pious, while here. Often do I hear by letter, and otherwise, of the exemplary lives of men who have gone from us in past years.

They are now virtuous, peaceable, valuable citizens, and blessings to their families and friends, and are quietly pursuing the path that leadeth unto life. Such intelligence is always to me, of the most encouraging character. And I am confident that there are men here whose hearts are honest, whose professions are sincere, who have exercised " re- pentance unto life, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," and will give us joy hereafter, by honoring their profession.

And here our minds naturally revert from the living to the dead. Death, who with impartiality visits the palace and the prison, has not passed us by. He has reaped a harvest from among the rich and renowned of our land. Many a proud one has been brought low; many a pillar of community thrown down; many a cedar of Lebanon prostrated. And yet he has not forgotten us, for he over-looketh not the lowly. Twenty-six visits has he made to this prison. Twenty-six men have passed the dark vale of death from these apartments, and as many immortal spirits have returned to God who gave them being. A very few have found burial among friends elsewhere, but nearly all are slumbering in the Prison Yard in our City Cemetery. In company with your present Deputy I have followed each of them to the grave. No relative in a single instance gathered around the coffin or followed the dead to his last resting place, or sorrowed when we returned " earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Mr. John Foss, who had been connected with the prison nine years; a man of great kindness and sympathy, whose care for the sick and afflicted is deserving honorable notice.

But there was always one sitting at the window of my now lonely cottage, pale, feeble, emaciated, looking out with tears, on the sad procession. A new made grave near by the Prisoner's Lot, contains the mortal remains of that true friend of suffering humanity. Her sympathetic heart there moulders back to dust, and the blow that fell

upon my heart so heavily, smote down one whose tears had often mingled with those of your relatives, and whose prayers often ascended to heaven on your behalf.

I now commend you to God and to the word of his grace. Remember this, that in all your life's vicissitudes, there lives one above you who loves you; and until I am laid away where the weary are at rest, will you remember that somewhere on earth there is one poor heart that loves you, and one whose prayer shall daily be, offered to God that you may be "guided by his counsel and afterward be received to his glory."

Laura W. Smith, wife of Rev. Eleazer Smith, who died May 30th, 1855. Her life of extreme suffering closed in great peace and cloudless hope.

"Dews fell not more gently to the ground at night, Nor weary worn out winds expire so soft."

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